



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

YOU never saw any one so pleased as the Deacon is, my children. Why, his face is so sunshiny that it lights up the very grass as he walks along,—or so it seems to me,—and all on account of the remarkable way in which his boys and girls are sending in copies of the Declaration of Independence.

Well, well! Jack could have told him that the young folks would come out handsomely in this matter.

Then the prizes! The pretty, shining things stand there on the Deacon's shelf, I hear, waiting to be awarded, and beaming with satisfaction. What wonder! It must be a very pleasant thing to go into a family as a prize.

Jack is no orator,—so he cannot give you an address on this grand Centennial "Fourth." But you can be your own orators, my chicks, and that is better yet. Deep in your heart of hearts, let each one of you say:

"My hearer! America is a great country, and her strength is in her honest, upright, loyal and intelligent citizens. See to it that you become one of them!"

ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.

SOME of my birds have been talking to the seagulls, and they've brought me this news:

The Atlantic Ocean was named after a mighty mythical giant named Atlas, who, as the Greeks believed, carried the world on his shoulders—the same Atlas who has a great mountain-range in Africa for his namesake.

The other great ocean did n't have to go to Greece for a name. It just staid where it was and behaved itself, until at last, from its peaceful aspect, it was called the Pacific.

This is as it should be, my little Americans—*Power* on one side of us, and *Peace* on the other.

And, what is better yet, they're permanent institutions. Fifty Centennials from now, Jack (or somebody else) will find this country trig and trim between its oceans, with the Peace of Power its highest virtue, and the Power of Peace its proudest boast.

A BIRD STORY.

DEAR JACK: I send a true story about some birds that lived in a tree in our yard. My pussy killed the mother bird just after the little birds were hatched, and the papa bird was left alone to feed them. He attended to them one day very carefully, and the next day he returned to his nest with another wife much larger than himself. When the little birds began to fly, they used to come down on our croquet ground and hop about. One day, mamma stooped to pick one of them up, so that the cat could not get it, when the new wife struck her on the side of her head twice with her bill. Well, this bird looked after the little birds and fed them till they left the nest. We think it quite curious—don't you?

EDITH STONE.

A FISH THAT LIVES IN THE MUD.

DEAR me!—what next? Now, here's a story of a fish who can live without water! Who ever heard of such a thing! This very accomplished scaly gentleman is a native of Africa,—where most of the wonders come from, nowadays,—and has the misfortune to belong to a river which dries up every summer. Rather a discouraging circumstance to a fish, I should say; but this little fellow does n't mind it. When the water gets low, he very coolly burrows nearly two feet into the mud on the bottom, and there he stays, while the hot sun dries up the water, and bakes the mud till it is full of deep cracks. When the water comes back, fills the cracks, and soaks into the ground, the mud-fish comes out as lively as 'ever. One of this family has lately gone to live in an aquarium in England, where his ways can be studied; and now we shall know how he gets on in water all the year round. Who can tell me his name?

FLOWER DOLLS.

DEAR JACK: We girls made lovely flower-dolls last summer, and wont you please tell the ST. NICHOLAS girls about it, so that they can make some this season? We made charming little lady dolls out of hollyhock blossoms in this way: We took a fine hollyhock flower, broke off the outer green leaves—the calyx, I mean; then we picked out the inside parts, so as to leave a little hole in the stem end of the flower. Into this we stuck a poppy-head, marking features on it as well as we could. Then we tied a long spear of grass around the leaves, just where the waist should be; this made a pretty green sash. Next we formed the apron out of a white rose leaf, and put a bit of green twig through the body for arms. We thought she was complete then, for she could stand alone, and she was just as pretty as could be; but when afterward we put a daisy hat on her little head, she was perfect.

We made other flower-dolls after that out of trumpet-creepers and fox-gloves and all sorts of flowers, and it was real sport. Mother said a group of our blossom-ladies standing on the lawn was a beautiful sight to behold.

If other girls try our plan and get any new ideas, I hope, dear Jack, they'll send us word through you.—Your true little friends,

MARION AND WINNIE T.

TALLOW-TREES.

IN the woods where I live there grows a low shrub, with glossy, fragrant leaves, called the bayberry. From its small green berries a kind of wax is obtained, of which candles are sometimes made. But I don't believe the candles are much liked, as I see few people picking the berries.

My friend the parrot quite despises such candles. He thinks that the people who use them should see those made from the seeds of the tallow-tree

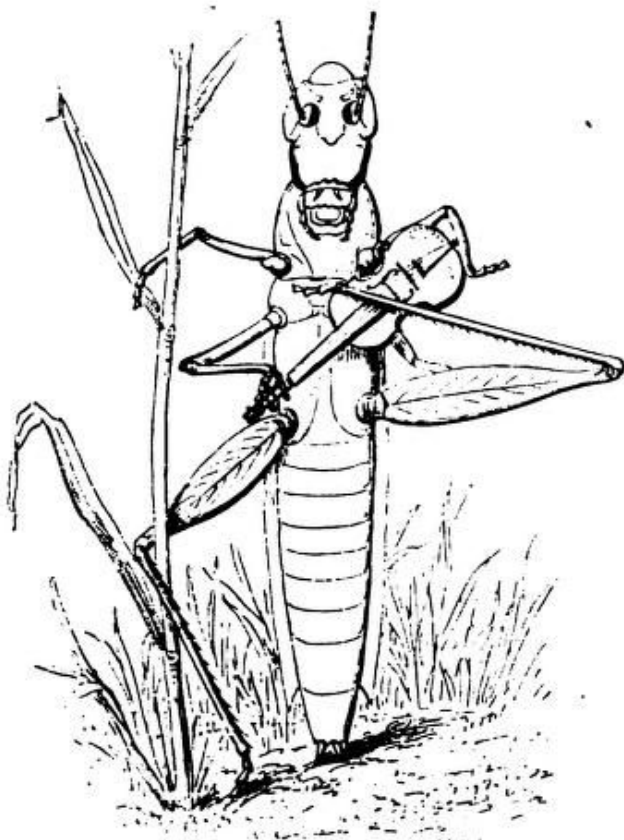
which grows in the province of Malabar, in British India.

This tallow-tree, I am told, is very large, and has thick, leathery leaves, varying from four to ten feet in length. The flowers are white and very fragrant, and by boiling its seeds the natives obtain a firm white vegetable tallow, which has no unpleasant smell. Candles made of this tallow, my friend the parrot says, are something worth having—worth having, that is, if human beings will persist in going about after dark. He thinks it very strange that creatures with eyes made expressly for the daylight, should wish to imitate the habits of bats and cats and owls, whose eyes are specially adapted to seeing things at night.

A GRASSHOPPER'S FIDDLE.

"WE lay ninety-nine eggs; if we laid one hundred we should devastate the earth." It is a Mohammedan legend that the Prophet found this motto written on the wings of a locust, an insect as nearly related to the grasshopper as the Mohammedan is to a Yankee.

Last May, the farmer in Eastern Kansas who



saw ten acres of corn entirely eaten between ten o'clock Saturday morning and four o'clock Sunday afternoon, and who caught ninety-eight grasshoppers with one sweep of his hand, must have thought the hundredth egg was hatched at last. But the hum of the vast swarms was soon lost to the northward. Then bird and parasite, and Minnesota boys and girls, who were paid for

gathering them so much a bushel, soon ended the brood of jumping fiddlers; for as truly as the cricket sings, so truly does the grasshopper play the fiddle. Any how—if he does n't play the fiddle, he does something like it, as each of you may prove if you will watch him when you hear him playing his monotonous tune. When he begins to play "he bends the shank of one hind-leg beneath the thigh, where it is lodged in a furrow designed to receive it, and then draws the leg briskly up and down several times against the projecting lateral edge and veins of the wing-cover." A learned naturalist, named Harris, once wrote this, and your Jack repeats it. It is plain enough if you remember that the *front* wings are called wing-covers, as they are used for protection and not for flight. Grasshoppers play the fiddle on each side alternately, supporting themselves, meanwhile, as well as they can. Who knows *why* they do it?

A MAN IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES.

THE Little Schoolma'am made the Deacon laugh the other day. Because the dear child had a bit of stiff linen about her pretty throat, the Deacon accused her of wearing a man's collar. They had a few words about "women aping the styles of men," as the Deacon jocosely put it, when the little lady laid him down gently with a description of the dress of a Malay priest which she had found in Dr. Livingstone's book. This was it, as nearly as your Jack can remember:

A long rose-colored silk dress, and over it one of white gauze, trimmed with three broad flounces, [the Little Schoolma'am said something about "bias," whatever that means], sleeves full, and trimmed with lace. The whole thing perfectly suitable for a lady to wear to a party. Over this, however, was a man's white waistcoat, and a belt, in which weapons were stuck. A white turban covered his head, and the toilet was completed by a large lace veil (like a bride's), which was thrown over his head, and half covered him!

A BIG FLOWER.

WHAT do you say to a flower bigger than a dining-plate, and weighing three or four pounds? What a button-hole bouquet that would make,—especially if you added one of its leaves, over eight feet across! This is the giant flower of the world,—I'm sure,—and it is a water-lily which grows in South America, near the giant river of the world. Just fancy a pond covered with these enormous leaves, each weighing about a dozen pounds, and covered with long-legged water-birds, of all sorts, who run about on them, without the least danger of wetting their toes. And think of the buds, as big as your head, and the large white, fragrant flowers!

Should n't you like one of those leaves for a boat, to sail about in?

DEACON GREEN'S PRIZES.

THE Deacon says, look out for the "Declaration prizes" next month.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

(Illustrated by a Young Contributor.)

MR. PEMBERTON.

ONCE upon a time, there was a young girl who, with her aunt, lived all alone. Auntie Louise, the young girl called her aunt. Auntie Louise lived on a nice little farm, three miles from the village where was her post-office, and where she and Annie attended church.

Her neighbor on the right, a wise and good man, worked the land for her; and his boy milked the two cows, and fed the fat little pony that she kept.

Now, Auntie Louise was wise—for a woman. She taught Annie grammar, arithmetic and algebra, history and geography; to knit and to sew, to make butter and cheese and bread (the lightest, whitest bread that ever you ate was Auntie Louise's); she taught Annie music also, both vocal and instrumental.

Auntie Louise was not old or cross. Annie was just sixteen, and Auntie Louise was thirty-two. I will tell you how they came to be all alone on a farm. Fifty years ago this Centennial year, Louise's father and mother began housekeeping, as gay and happy as two young robins. In the course of time three children were born to them. The eldest, a daughter, married and removed to a distant State; the second, a son, married and brought his bride home; and then Louise, the youngest, was sent away to be educated. She wished to become a teacher. She completed a course of study, taught a few years; then the father's health failed. He wanted daughter Louise to come home; the dutiful daughter came, and gradually became eyes and hands and feet to her failing father. Only a few years, and then he was laid in the village church-yard; a few months, the mother followed him; then, only a year after, a fever took Annie's father and mother, and left them alone. Louise and Annie were almost heart-broken.

"There is nothing left to us but the old home, Annie," Auntie Louise said one morning; "and we will stay here until we, too, are carried out to lie down by the side of those who have gone before."

The old home was so dear to them, they would not willingly see it pass into strangers' hands. They had lived alone two years, and Auntie Louise began to feel that Annie needed more companionship. So, one day, she asked Annie if she would not like to go away to school.

"And leave you, darling auntie? I can never find so good a teacher as you. If you think I need more companions, let us go out more; let us visit the people in the village oftener."

"With all my heart, Annie. Our parents, yours and mine, were most social and hospitable; we can but please them in doing so. But you know, Annie, we cannot go out evenings much without an escort."

"Well, auntie dear, don't bother yourself about it one bit; you are all I have left in the world, and I cannot leave you. Shall I go now for my ride?"

Auntie Louise had taught Annie how to manage Neddie, the fat little pony; and he was a little fly-away too sometimes, but, withal, the best-natured little fellow in the world. He was always so impatient to start, but not a step forward would he take, though he would paw the ground, first with one little foot, then with the other, until Annie and Louise were all ready. Then how he would fly, for such a fat little body!

This particular afternoon Annie was going to the woods, on horse-back, to look for autumn leaves (it was a beautiful October day), running pine, and other evergreens.

Away cantered Neddie, as glad to be out in the beautiful sunshine as Annie herself. When they came to the woods, fastening Neddie's bridle to a low branch of a hickory-tree, Annie began her search. On she went—now a strip of running pine, now a fallen leaf more beautiful than any she had gathered, again a delicate fern, leading her on until she was thoroughly tired. She sat down to rest at the foot of a great pine-tree. The soft wind sighing in the branches above made plaintive music; but it accorded well with Annie's heart, which had beaten little but minor music since she and Auntie Louise had been left alone.

Presently, a dainty little lady stood before her—a dainty little lady, smiling and holding out to her a tiny bunch of autumn leaves, the loveliest she had ever seen. Annie asked her to sit down, but she said:

"No. I must not stay; my friends are waiting for me in yonder dell. Take the leaves; they were gathered on purpose for you. They possess a peculiar power. You have only to wave them three times before Neddie's eyes, and he will instantly become a most polished gallant."

"But I would rather have him as he is," said the astonished Annie.

"You have only to wave them three times before the eyes of your gallant, and he will become Neddie, the fat pony, again; and do you not see that when you and Auntie Louise wish to go out evenings, you can drive Neddie, carrying these leaves with you? and when you reach any place, you have only to wave these leaves before Neddie's eyes three times, and you have a gentleman attendant. Then, when you wish to return, he will lead you to your carriage; you wave

the leaves three times before his eyes, and he becomes Neddie again, ready to take you home."

"Oh, wont that be nice for Auntie Louise!" cried Annie, lifting her eyes to thank the lady; but she was gone, and the bunch of tiny autumn leaves lay in her lap. They were very elastic and tough, and were fastened firmly in a little silver holder. In examining them, Annie touched a spring, and, lo! a silver leaf sprang out and rolled quickly around all the others, and then they were nicely protected and easily carried in her pocket. She started up, and ran until she came in sight of Neddie.

"Oh, such a secret, Neddie, you could never guess! Auntie Louise shall be the first to try it!" and springing on Neddie's back, she cantered gayly home. Louise was arranging a bouquet of pansies on the porch when Annie came up.

"Oh, auntie, the queerest thing!" she began.

"Why, Annie, where is your hat?—and how warm Neddie is!"

"My hat just tumbled off the other side of the barn. I will go and get it. But just listen, and just see here," drawing from her pocket the wonderful little roll, and touching the spring that unrolled the silver leaf. "We have only to wave this three times before Neddie's eyes and he becomes a fine gentleman, ready to attend us everywhere." Then she told her about the little lady in the woods, and all that she said. Auntie Louise did not seem as much surprised as



"THERE STOOD AN ELEGANT GENTLEMAN."

Annie thought she would. "You are to try it first," she concluded, springing from the pony.

Louise took the mysterious leaves and waved them solemnly three times before Neddie's eyes, and behold! the pony was nowhere to be seen, but there stood an elegant gentleman, with his hat in his hand, politely bowing to Miss Louise and her niece. Annie brought him a chair, and for an hour the learned gentleman entertained them with descriptions of European life and travel. Then, suddenly remembering that it was time for Neddie to have his evening meal of hay and oats, Auntie Louise waved the bright leaves three times before the eyes of Mr. Pemberton (that is the name the gentleman gave himself), and there stood Neddie, equipped in saddle and bridle, just as Annie had left him. Annie led him away to the barn.

"Wont it be convenient, auntie?" asked Annie when she came back.

"Nothing could be more so," returned Auntie Louise.

You may think it strange, but Louise and Annie did not avail themselves of the magic leaves until the week before Christmas.

The sewing society had been very busy all the latter part of the summer and all the fall, meeting once in two weeks, sewing for a missionary box, then for the two or three poor families in the town. Auntie Louise and Annie met with them quite often, because they could drive Neddie and be at home by dark.

Now, for a few weeks, the society had been preparing for a fair, which was to be held one evening a week before Christmas. Annie wished much to attend the fair.

"Let us try the charm, auntie," said she.

"Very well, Annie; but it must be kept a secret."

So they bade the boy harness Neddie to the little carriage, and they drove away just after sunset. Reaching the village, Annie stepped from the carriage, and, waving the leaves, the gentlemanly attendant stood by them, and Neddie was gone.

"Do not forget that I am Mr. Pemberton," said a low, pleasant

voice, as he led them to the door of the lecture-room where the fair was held.

An apron and neck-tie festival was to be held besides, and Annie was in a flutter lest Mr. Pemberton's neck-tie should not match Aunt Louise's apron; but it did, and Annie was delighted. Their friends were almost guilty of staring at the stranger, so fine a gentleman he appeared. Auntie Louise introduced him to one and another as Mr. Pemberton, lately returned from Europe; and every one who listened to his discourse was charmed. The three spent a most delightful evening.

When it was time to go, Mr. Pemberton took them to the carriage. Annie waved the leaves before his eyes, and there was Neddie impatient to go home. The farm-boy was waiting in the kitchen to care for him.

After this, they drove Neddie wherever they wished to go, transforming him into Mr. Pemberton when they wished an attendant. It was so convenient and pleasant, when they were a little early or a little late at church, and no one saw them, to have only to step out of their carriage and transform Neddie into Mr. Pemberton; then there was some one to wait upon them into their pew, and find the readings and the hymns.

What a treasure Neddie was! A gentleman called one day, asking if Miss Louise would sell her pony.

"Sell Mr. Pemberton?" thought Annie.

"We do not wish to sell him," answered Miss Louise, with dignity that was assumed to hide her mirth.

"Did you ever, auntie? Sell Neddie! Sell Mr. Pemberton!" said Annie, when the gentleman had gone. "I wonder how much Mr. Pemberton would call himself worth! I'll go this minute to the stables and bring him in."

And so she did. He smiled, remarking that he thought himself far too valuable.

What is that? Neddie neighing impatiently where he is tied below the hill; Annie just waking under the pine-tree on the hill-top!

"Why! how long *can* I have been asleep?"

Again Neddie's shrill whinny.

"Neddie! Mr. Pemberton! Oh, what a dream!" exclaimed Annie, gathering up her pines and her autumn leaves hastily. And this part of her dream came true:



"THERE WAS NEDDY, IMPATIENT TO GO HOME."

She *did* canter gayly home; she *did* find Auntie Louise on the porch arranging a bouquet of pansies; and Auntie Louise *did* say: "Why, Annie, where is your hat? and how warm Neddie is!"

K. D.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE announcement of the award of the prizes offered by Deacon Green for the best copies of the Declaration of Independence, will be printed in the August number.

Hudson, 1876.

DEAR JACK: I am visiting my friend Hattie Forsheaw. We are both twelve years old, and this morning we made a cake from the receipt in the ST. NICHOLAS for May. The cake proved excellent. It was large enough for each one of the family to have a small piece. We helped each other in making it. When it was done and frosted it looked very nicely.

The beef-tea we intend to make when we have an opportunity. We like the receipts very much.—Your friends,
MARY E. COFFIN AND HATTIE E. FORSHEAW.

F. H. S.—We do not expect to publish any stories for translation until cool weather. We shall give our young French and German scholars a rest.

MARY G. YOUNG's questions about her canary have received a variety of answers. Willie Hayden says that when his canary would not bathe, Willie's mother took a brush and sprinkled him slightly, and that after undergoing this process a few times Master Canary concluded to take a bath regularly for himself. This treatment is also recommended by Nellie Emerson and by "A Bird-raiser," who writes:

It is a rare exception that a canary-bird should fail to wash when well, though I have known a few instances. One authority suggests sprinkling the bird, as this causes them to be obliged to prune their feathers and set them straight, etc.

Overgrown claws seem the next trouble with Mary's bird. This is not called a disease, but has a bad effect, as it makes the canaries mope and refuse food. The claws must be trimmed with a pair of scissors, taking care not to cut close enough to draw blood. By holding up to the light, you can see how far down the toes the blood-vessels extend. Hold the bird firmly, but gently; do not be in too great a hurry.

Florence A. Merriam thinks that "if the seed-vessels were taken away, and the bath put in with some seeds in the bottom of it, when

the bird should get hungry it would go into the bath to get the seeds, and, finding no harm came by it, would get into the habit of taking its bath."

Finally, Grace Glessner writes:

I have a yellow canary who will not bathe in his cage; but we fill a large plate with water, put it on the oil-cloth with a chair over it, open the cage, and soon he splashes about beautifully. To prevent long claws, make the perches as large round as can go between the wires. This wears the claws smooth and short.

"HOPPERS AND WALKERS."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had at different times in our family five tame crows as pets, and, strange to relate, they all of them hopped!

Now, I do not want the successful young folks who, some months ago, puzzled over the "hoppers and walkers," to think they were mistaken; nor do I want the Little Schoolma'am to think that I question her knowledge. The facts of the case are that we are both right.

Calling to mind the peculiarities of our crows, one of them still alive, I found it hard to reconcile my experience with that of the hundreds and hundreds who detected the four mistakes in the bird-story; so I applied to a naturalist for information. He told me that the natural gait of a crow was a sort of waddling *walk*, but that they do *hop* when in a hurry.

Tame crows are generally in a hurry, and nearly always in mischief. I have been quite lame for over a year, and never take a step which can be avoided; but one day last fall I was pretty thoroughly exercised in trying to put three crows out of the dining-room. In the center of the room stood a large extension-table, and the way in which those crows hopped in and out, and under and around, would have convinced even the Little Schoolma'am, could she have been there to see, that crows do sometimes hop, and actively too.

Crows make excellent pets for people who need to cultivate patience. They are very intelligent, very cunning, and extremely mischievous. Anything that they can carry off will mysteriously disappear, and anything that they cannot take away they will peck at and destroy. One of what they cannot take away they will peck at and destroy. One of our crows once got on the stove, and danced up and down in the most absurd manner until I flew to his rescue. It seemed strange that, with all his cunning intelligence, he did not know enough to spread his wings and fly from his hot perch.

Another could never go into the garden without being attacked by

king-birds. They would fly upon him and peck him, and actually drive him into the house.

The crow which still exists in the family belongs to my sister. He will not let anybody molest her, and if one attempts to tease him by doing so, he will fly at the person and peck sharply. When I walk about the garden, he will catch the edge of my skirt and hop after me, occasionally taking a swing. He is no favorite of mine, and he knows it, although I am always kind to him; but I am too much of a bird-defender to like a crow.

I suspect that the secret of the attacks of the king-birds was that Dandy Jim had meddled with their nests. Still, let us give the crow his due. He is bright and amusing and capable of being taught a variety of tricks, and his one saving grace is a fond affection for any one who is fond of him.

MRS. S. B. C. SAMUELS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me if "Mississippi" is the Indian word meaning "Father of Waters"? Bancroft's History calls the river Mississippi from the time of its discovery, but does not tell us whether the Indians gave it that name.—Your little friend,

ELLA L. REED.

The name Mississippi is derived from two Indian words (spelt by some authorities "Miche sepe," and by others "Missi sipi"), meaning "Father of Waters." The words have also been translated "The Great River" and "The Great Water."

Aiken, South Carolina, April 17th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a simple narration, in rhyme, of a little incident among the children here, which I fancy it might please them, as well as other children, to see in print. Nearly every child in the house seems to be a subscriber to your magazine.

ONE OF THE GUESTS AT "WEST VIEW."

On Easter morn, at fair West View,
The guests all tried what they could do
To please the little girls and boys
Who left at home their games and toys.
Their skates and sleds and loved snow-balls,
To live some months where no snow falls.
So, as they could not have their sled,
The cook stained eggs bright blue and red,
And one sweet lady 'mong the guests
By this contrivance was impressed
To make their bright and loving eyes
Grow brighter with a glad surprise.
She hid away in various places
Eggs painted with fair shapes and faces;
Tied up with ribbons red and blue,
Fair, pretty things they were to view.
So off they went for Easter eggs,
And sadly tired their little legs,
Poking about in all odd places,
Without regard to dirty faces.
Then, rushing in with shout and bound,
To show the wonders they had found.
"Oh, see how pretty! what a treat!
I never saw eggs look so sweet."
"These are too good to eat, mamma;
I'll take mine with me in the car."
"Now is n't this a jolly go?"
I never saw eggs dressed up so!"
One little boy of three or four
To dear mamma the treasure bore,
And, opening wide his wondrous eyes,
Grown larger with the strange surprise,
Said, thoughtful as a youthful Gibbon,
"How could the hens put on the ribbon?"

AUGUSTA CARTER, of Baltimore, wishes us to call attention to the following account of a supplement to the Declaration of Independence, made fifty years ago by one of the original signers:

*Supplemental Declaration to the Declaration of Independence,
by Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.*

The Washington *National Intelligencer* lately contained the following article in relation to Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the only survivor in 1826 of the men who signed the Declaration of American Independence:

"In the year 1826, after all save one of the band of patriots whose signatures are borne on the Declaration of Independence had descended to the tomb, and the venerable Carroll alone remained among the living, the government of the city of New York deputed a committee to wait on the illustrious survivor and obtain from him, for deposit in the public hall of the city, a copy of the Declaration of 1776, graced and authenticated anew with his sign manual. The

aged patriot yielded to the request, and affixed, with his own hand, to a copy of that instrument, the grateful, solemn, and pious supplemental Declaration which follows:

"Grateful to Almighty God for the blessings which, through Jesus Christ our Lord, he has conferred on my beloved country in her emancipation, and on myself in permitting me, under circumstances of mercy, to live to the age of eighty-nine years, and to survive the fiftieth year of American Independence, and certify by my present signature my approbation of the Declaration of Independence adopted by Congress on the 4th of July, 1776, which I originally subscribed on the second day of August of the same year, and of which I am now the last surviving signer,—I do hereby recommend to the present and future generations the principles of that important document as the best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to them, and pray that the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to remotest posterity and extended to the whole family of man.

"CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON.

"August 2, 1826."

We have received a great many answers to H. E. H.'s question regarding the origin of the phrase, "Consistency, thou art a jewel;" and all of them agree in tracing it to a ballad called "Jolly Robyn Roughhead," published in Murtagh's Collection of Ancient English and Scotch Ballads, 1754. The following stanza is given by all, in support of this authority:

"Tush! tush, my lasse! Such thoughts resigne.
Comparisons are cruell;
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine;
Consistencie's a jewell.
For thee and me coarse clothes are best—
Rude folks in homelye raiment drest—
Wife Joan and Goodman Robyn."

One of our correspondents adds the following: "Mr. Richard Grant White says that he has never succeeded in finding 'Murtagh's Collection,' and doubts if 'Robyn Rough-head' be a genuine old ballad. He thinks the fourth line of the above stanza, like the second, is probably an adaptation of a saying much older than Shakspeare—to whom it is commonly attributed. Mr. White says that he has never been able to discover the origin of the phrase."

Baltimore, March 29, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me where this line is taken from: "And fools who came to scoff remained to pray"?—Yours truly,

FANNY N. OSBURN.

The quotation is a line from "The Deserted Village," by Oliver Goldsmith.

Marysville, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like a good dog. I like some dogs a good way off. I have a dog that is very good to keep meat from spoiling; he will bite a piece of beef broiled and buttered on both sides. Some dogs are spotted, and some are not. My dog is yellow and white, and I call him my calico dog. Some ladies think a great deal of dogs: they will take a little poodle dog, and put a piece of ribbon around his neck, and take him with them when they go out riding. I think they must be sick. I know a dog that bit a boy on the leg; it did n't kill either the boy or the dog, but the boy got after him with an old hoe-handle, and beat him until his sister called the dog into the house, and sat down on him, to keep the boy away. She said that boy was a wicked beast, and so he was. I would n't do anything near so bad as that. I have heard of dogs that, when they saw their master drowning, would run and pull him out by the teeth. I am afraid if I was drowning, and there was no one to save me but my dog, I should never have another chance to drown. I guess I'll take my chances on dry land, anyhow.

EUGENE.

MADDIE H. sends the Letter-Box this dainty French riddle, trusting that it may be new to American boys and girls:

A French girl received the following love-letter. Who can read it? (Answer will be given next month):

"ADELE: Janvier, Fevrier, Mars, Avril, Mai, Juin, Juillet, Aout, Septembre, Octobre—tu tu tu tu tu, n'aime?" ADOLPHE."

THE correct answer to L. M.'s problem in the April number is "\$45 and the boots," and it has been received from the following boys and girls: Arnold Guyot Cameron, Carrie B. Wells, "Cleveland Boy," S. P. Maslin, Willie T. Sheffield, J. M. Paton, John H. H., and Thomas E. Jefferson.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixteen letters. My 3, 16, 10, 13, 2 is a large and bright constellation. My 4, 9, 7, 8, 15 is one of the mechanical powers. My 11, 12, 3, 1, 6 is part of a wheel. My 11, 5, 13, 3, 12 is a vessel. My 14, 13, 7, 6, 2 was a deity for whom a day of the week was named. My whole is a proverb. ISOLA.

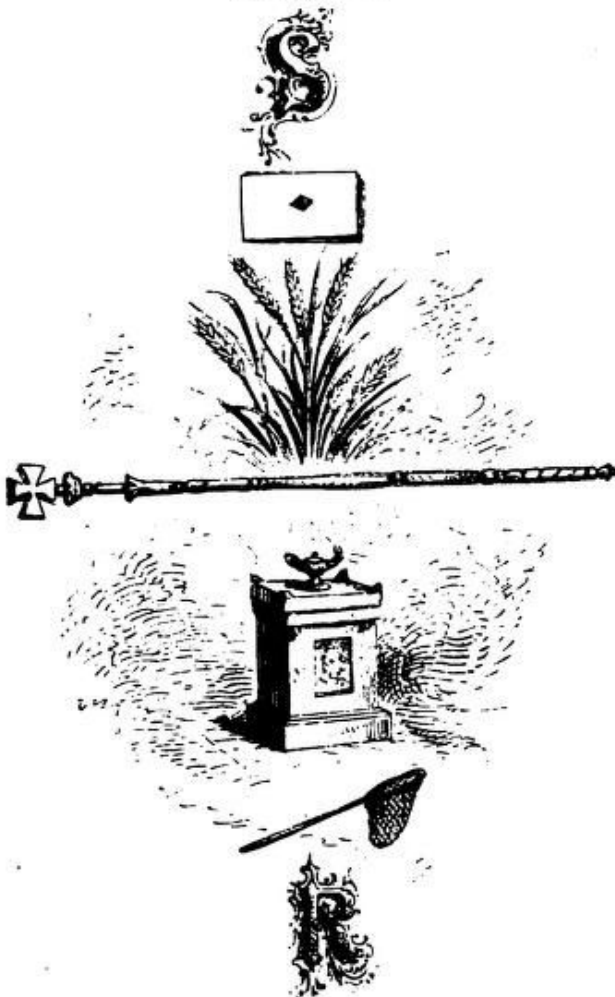
CHARADE.

WITHIN my first the traveler rests and dreams;
My next names one of Scotland's famous streams;
My third sometimes the porcine frame surrounds;
My fourth is one of five familiar sounds;
My fifth and sixth together you may take,
And something found in architecture make.
If you are that denoted by my whole,
You are a patient, persevering soul.

L. W. H.

PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(Substitute the name of each picture for the picture itself, and find a diamond puzzle.)



EASY TRANSPOSITION.

TRANSPOSE the letters in the following sentence and you will find three articles of furniture: A Maple Latch Rib. C. D.

HALF WORD-SQUARE.

1. A PECULIAR bird. 2. Apart. 3. Part of a plant. 4. To decay. E.
5. A preposition. 6. A consonant.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- THE initials and finals name an officer of the Revolutionary war.
1. A celebrated exclamation. 2. A mason's tool. 3. Part of a ship.
4. A precious stone. 5. A French coin. ISOLA.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word curtailed.

1. In the — we found your —. 2. Will it harm the — to — it? 3. The — was burned in the — fire. 4. Where did — have his —? 5. On the — I will draw a — of the house. 6. I think the — is too — away. CYRIL DEANE.

A CHARADE FOR 1876.

My first, if you will read aright,
Graces the queenly rose,
And floats from blossoming hill and vale
On every breeze that blows.
It wears a crown, and yet its head
Oft rests in lowly spot;
'Tis known among the rich and great,
And in the poor man's cot.
Its course, like true love's, is not smooth;
It meets with scorn and frown;
It sees great changes, but through all
Still wears the regal crown.

Without my second's aid you ne'er
Could boldly utter No;
The sun himself would cease to shine;
We'd have no rain or snow.
The Frenchman gay could never dress
En deshabille again;
Nor could he say his lady-love
Appeared with skirts *en train*.

My third is very near, and if
To seek it you should try,
You'll find it in the darkest nights,
When least you think it nigh.

My fourth the lawyer often writes
Upon his brief with care;
But with a partner it appears,
And has a foreign air.

My whole with hopes and fears is fraught,
'Tis old, and yet 'tis young;
Its history is still untold,
Its songs are yet unsung.
It brings a thought of ruins old,
Of perfumes fine and rare.
Of cruel war, of meek-eyed peace,
Of all things new and fair.
O poets, weave your sweetest verse
To chronicle its fame;
And all ye wise and witty ones,
Now give to it a name. M. W.

INITIAL CHANGES.

CHANGE the initial of a word often applied to a quantity of bread, and get to secure; again, and get part of a ship; again, and find a fastening; again, and discover to mate; again, and you will get what most boys like to possess. C.

MELANGE.

1. BEHEAD a river in the United States, and find a title. 2. Curtail the river, and find a fruit. 3. Syncopate the river, and find a sound. 4. Transpose the title, and find a Shakspearean king. 5. Transpose the fruit, and find to gather; again, and find to diminish. 6. Transpose the sound, and get a jump; again, and get an inclosure; again, and find an excuse. 7. Syncopate to gather, and get a blow. 8. Curtail the fruit, and obtain a vegetable. 9. Behead the inclosure, and get a liquor. 10. Behead the excuse, and get a meadow. 11. Curtail the title, and find a part of the body. ISOLA.

BROKEN WORDS.

FILL the first blanks with words made by dividing the word chosen for the remaining blank.

1. I was not, with so small a —, — to make the business a — one. 2. Unless he could — prejudices, he had no other — than to leave the country. 3. I saw at my — offered him which showed there had been great — since the simple customs of earlier days. 4. To — would not have been deemed — by the Whigs in Revolutionary times. 5. She, taking his —, — him away from the delicate toy he so roughly —. B.

PREFIX PUZZLE.

(Prefix the same syllable of two letters to the name of each of the objects represented, and form a word.)



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

REBUS, No. 1.—"Honor and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Light gains make heavy purses.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Canton.

WORD-SQUARE.—

R A P I D
A R O M A
P O L A R
I M A G E
D A R E D

PICTURE PUZZLE.—Be above oppressing those beneath you.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—A—C—E

H—I R A—M
S—C R A P E—R
T—A P E—S
W—E—D

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Bullet.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Iceland, Volcano.

I — V
C —om— O
E —ar— I
L —aconi— C
A —nn— A
N —ewto— N
D —od— O

CHARADE, No. 2.—Nobility.

HIDDEN SQUARE-WORD.—L Y R I C
Y O U T H
R U P E E
I T E M S
C H E S S

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—A, Apt, April, Tin, L.

REBUS, No. 2.—"Imperial Caesar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Maxwell W. Turner and Marion Abbot answered correctly *all* the puzzles in the May number.
ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES in the same number were received, previous to May 18, from Nelly Perry, "Alex," Arnold Guyot Cameron, E. D. Hennessy, Marien McG. Dwight, Nellie Emerson, "Violet, Lily-of-the-Valley, and Heliotrope," Allie Bertram, "Golden Eagle," Martin Sampson, E. L. M., Nettie Marcellus, "Cad," Harriet Brewer, Charlie Hotchins, Nellie Chase, Frieda E. Lippert, Charles S. Riché, Lulie M. French, Archie Wellington, Eddie H. Eckel, Nellie S. Smith, Brainerd P. Emery, "Lulie," Ethan Allen, Tillie Alden Plume, Martin W. Sampson, Henry O. Fetter, Grace and Lucian Tripp, Camilla Ridgeley, Grace D. Hubbard, Fred Cook, Howard Steele Rodgers, Willie Dibblee, A. E. and C. Mestre, Emily Dibblee, Lillie J. Studebaker, John Hinkley, Herbert P. Moore, "Hodena," Alice L. Campbell, Belle W. Brown, "Captain Nemo," "Killdeer," Nellie A. Morton, Albert Strong, Nessie E. Stevens, F. L. O., Mary L. Boyd, Minnie W. Hitchcock, Carrie S. Simpson, Louie Lawrence, E. A. Townsend, Emma Tritch, Willie H. Johnson, Wilson Rockhill, Fannie Townsend, "Apollo," R. L. Parsons, S. Clinton Willets, Nellie Kellogg, L. A. Kittinger, Nell T. Davis, Robert L. Groendycke, Fannie H. Smith, Carrie Lawson, Annie Hayden, C. W. Horner, Jr., H. Engelbert, May P. Daly, Lilla M. Rowland, John Pyne, "Lou," E. N. Hughes.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY MIDSUMMER to you, my hearers, and a grand good time all through the school vacation! And now I'll tell you

HOW TO GET COOL.

WHEN the thermometer stands at 90 deg., my warm young friends, don't fume, nor fuss, nor fan yourselves into a blaze. No. Sit down in some quiet place and think *only of cool things*. Think of snow; think of ice; think of cold water trickling down your back. Think of holding a live eel in each hand. Imagine yourself under an icy shower-bath, or sitting at night-fall on top of an iceberg; then try to shiver. Do all this without once stirring from your position and you'll get cool, or my name's not Jack.

BATH OF AN ICEBERG.

LET us see if I can tell it to you as vividly as the fish-hawk seemed to tell it to me:—Imagine a great sea with waters black from the intense cold, but flecked all over with snow-white wave crests. There is land in sight, but not a tree, not a green field, only cold land, dazzling and glittering with glaciers and snow-peaks. On the water are floating, swiftly and silently, great icebergs that look like gleaming marble palaces which some unseen spirit has set in motion.

All at once one great berg, the largest and most beautiful of all, begins to move uneasily,—to waver as if looking about to see if it is observed. Then suddenly, with swift and graceful majesty, it plunges its high crowned head beneath the waves. There is a moment's struggle, the sea swells and tosses; then out of its bath, presenting a new and even more beautiful front than before, comes the glittering berg, calm and mighty still, to float on its southward way.

INFANTS IN SHILLING PACKETS.

HERE'S an advertisement that the Deacon cut out of an English newspaper (I'll be obliged to the editors if they'll kindly print an exact copy):

DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.—When you ask for Dr. Ridge's Patent Food for Infants in Shilling Packets, see that you get it, and Beware of Imitations.

Infants must be pretty cheap on the other side of the ocean. Cheaper than chromos.

BIRDS THAT LIVE BY STEALING.

I COULD scarcely believe it true that any birds could live by stealing. But the wild duck tells me that in the Arctic regions there is a sort of gull, called by the sailors the burgomaster-gull, that gets its living in the meanest possible way. It actually steals nearly all of its food from honest birds such as the douckies, eider-ducks, and ivory-gulls. Worse than this, it steals from the eider-ducks even its eggs. The wicked creature!

My hope is that when you study the habits of our burgomaster-gull you may be able to explain this ugly business in some way—appearances may be against him.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S REASONS FOR RECOMMENDING THE USE OF BOWS AND ARROWS IN WAR.

DEACON GREEN lately went to Philadelphia, and on his return he brought a present for the Little Schoolma'am. What do you think it was? Why, a very small blue book, published in New York over fifty years ago, called: "*The Life and Essays of Benjamin Franklin, written by himself.*" One of the essays is a letter to Major Gen. Lee, and in it Mr. Franklin says some things that will interest you in this Centennial year. Deacon Green read it aloud to the Little Schoolma'am out under the willow tree, and you shall hear it too—or, at least, some extracts from it. You must remember that B. F. alludes to the fire-arms of 1776:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 17, 1776.

DEAR SIR:—

They still talk big in England, and threaten hard; but their language is somewhat civiler, at least not quite so disrespectful to us. By degrees they come to their senses, but too late, I fancy, for their interest.

We have got a large quantity of saltpetre, one hundred and twenty ton, and thirty more expected. Powder mills are now wanting; I believe we must set to work and make it by hand. But I still wish, with you, that pikes could be introduced, and I would add bows and arrows: these were good weapons, and not wisely laid aside:

1. Because a man may shoot as truly with a bow as with a common musket.
2. He can discharge four arrows in the time of charging and discharging one bullet.
3. His object is not taken from his view by the smoke of his own side.
4. A flight of arrows seen coming upon them terrifies and disturbs the enemy's attention to his business.
5. An arrow sticking in any part of a man, puts him *hors du combat* till it is extracted.
6. Bows and arrows are more easily provided everywhere than muskets and ammunition.

B. F. then quotes a Latin account of a battle, in King Edward the Third's reign, and adds:

If so much execution was done by arrows when men wore some defensive armour, how much more might be done now that it is out of use!

I am glad you are come to New York, but I also wish you could be in Canada. There is a kind of suspense in men's minds here at present, waiting to see what terms will be offered from England. I expect none that we can accept; and when that is generally seen, we shall be more unanimous and more decisive: then your proposed solemn league and covenant will go better down, and perhaps most of our other strong measures be adopted.

I am always glad to hear from you, but I do not deserve your favours, being so bad a correspondent. My eyes will now hardly serve me to write by night, and these short days have been all taken up by such variety of business that I seldom can sit down ten minutes without interruption. God give you success!

I am, with the greatest esteem, yours affectionately,
B. FRANKLIN.



A PICTURE FROM THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

DEAR JACK:—Will you please send this picture to our boys and girls with my compliments, and ask them to tell me the lad's name; when and where he was born; and for what he became celebrated? You see him here trying certain experiments with phosphorus, so you may know he was scientifically inclined, even in his youth. He died at Geneva, nearly fifty years ago. He wrote verses when only nine years old, and out of the letters of his name the following words can be made: Dame, Ham, Red, Mad, Up, Vamp, Dray, Pray, Pad, Rave, Damp, Yam, Hay.—Yours truly,

"LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM."

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

"OH, Jack," writes a correspondent from Aiken, South Carolina, "I've a bit of news for you. A lady here made forty glasses of orange marmalade, and placed them in her garret to dry off. Then she went down-stairs, feeling that, having done a virtuous action, she should surely have her reward. When next she went into that garret, she found the floor covered with dead bees. What could it mean? Like Cassim, or somebody in the Arabian Nights, she hastened to her precious forty jars, and, to use her own words, 'My goodness sakes! if

those bees had n't been and gone and sucked all the juice out of that marmalade, and left it dryer'n chips!' Out of forty jars, only fifteen were good for anything. The bees—who, by the way, belonged to a neighbor's hive—had been having a glorious time, but had died from too much enjoyment. They had taken in the richness of a hundred orange blossoms with each dainty drop. Poor things! Surely we, who never have too much pleasure, ought to be very thankful!"

Humph! I suppose so.

KAFFIR MOTHER-IN-LAW.

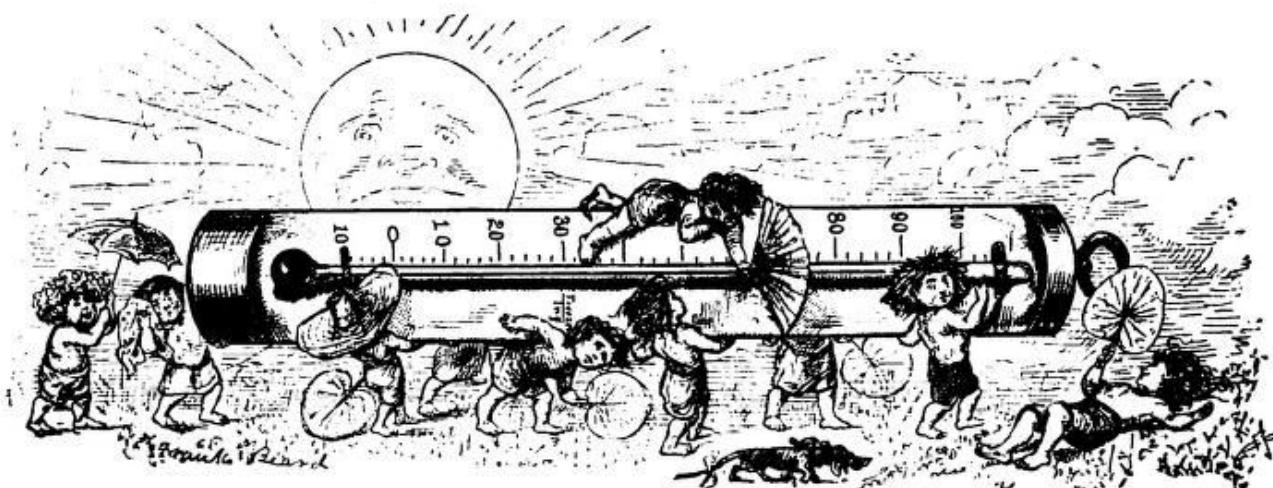
DEAR, dear! I just heard two travelers talking of the curious ways prevailing in certain countries which they have lately visited—in books. The Kaffir, now, is not allowed to speak familiarly to his wife's mother, nor to look her in the face. When he sees her coming, he hides his face behind his shield, and she skulks behind a bush till he has passed. He never speaks her name; and if it becomes necessary to talk to her, he is obliged to go a little way off, and shout his remarks.

No reason that I can find out. It seems to be merely a matter of etiquette.

KAFFIR LETTER-CARRIER.

TALKING of Kaffirs, their letter-carriers are funny fellows. They dress mainly in their own beautiful black skins, and a plentiful covering of grease. The Kaffir postman carries one letter at a time, directly

from the writer to the person to whom it is addressed, and his mail-bag is a split stick, into the opening of which he fastens the letter, holding it far out from his body. He will take one letter sixty or seventy miles, on a run most of the way, and bring back an answer, for the sum of twenty-five cents, or an English shilling. You can see him when you go to Kaffir-land.



OLD SOL: "WHO'S RUNNING THIS THING, I'D LIKE TO KNOW?"

DEACON GREEN'S REPORT ON THE COPIES OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

AN honest-minded committee of five feels much responsibility in examining, say two thousand, copies of the Declaration of Independence, sent in by boys and girls, and selecting from the same the twenty that best deserve prizes. At first it would seem that such a committee must be five times as capable as one man, and only one-fifth as anxious, but it is not so. On the contrary, each man of the committee has four serious hindrances to a speedy decision, and the two thousand copies which each has to consider, become, in effect, five-folded to ten thousand, before the decisions are finally made.

Therefore, my friends, you will infer that we, the committee, have had a hard time of it—a good time, too, for it has been refreshing to see what crowds of young patriots and steady-going boys and girls cluster about St. NICHOLAS (and the prizes!). Many hundreds of beautiful copies of the great Declaration were sent in, and these were examined and considered, and reconsidered until our heads grew dizzy, it seemed as if twenty cracked independence bells were sounding in our ears. The rest of the committee were enthusiastic over the correct and the finely written copies, but somehow my heart went out to the blotted sheets whereon chubby little fingers had toiled and blundered. While the four wiser ones were ecstatic over the neatness, skill and accuracy of hundreds of bright competitors, I sat wistfully holding the very worst Declarations of the lot, and, in imagination, wiping the tearful eyes of youngsters who could n't possibly win a prize or get on the Roll of Honor. However, the committee soon gave me to understand that this sort of thing would n't do—and so, to make a long story short, we considered and reconsidered once more, and sorted and compared and consulted the "conditions," and finally we awarded the prizes as follows:

The first ten prizes, you will remember, are "Liberty Bell Ink-stands," and the second ten prizes "Card-board Models of Swiss Architecture" to the younger five, and books to the elder five.

FIRST PRIZE WINNERS.

(From ten to thirteen years of age.)

Henry S. Redfield, Hartford, Conn.
Maggie J. Cady, Nichols, N. Y.
Hortense Henshaw Ward, San Francisco, Cal.
Linda L. Bergen, Waverley, N. Y.
Fannie Vail Culver, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(From fourteen to twenty years of age.)

Marion C. Frisby, West Bend, Wis.
Frederick Lathrop, Albany, N. Y.
Stanley Smith Covert, New York City.
Clarence Marshall McClymonds, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Ruth Merington, New York City.

SECOND PRIZE WINNERS.

(From ten to thirteen years of age.)

Winifred Louise Bryant, Brunswick, Maine.
Helen C. Luckenbach, Bethlehem, Pa.
Fred. H. Sturtevant, Washington, D. C.
Minnie P. Frames, Baltimore, Md.
Liang Poo Shi, Northampton, Mass.

(From fourteen to twenty years of age.)

Julianna Randolph Winslow, Baltimore, Md.
Charles S. Latham, San Francisco, Cal.
James Augustus De La Vergne, Jr., Clinton, Mo.
Max Meyerhardt, Rome, Ga.
Clara Binswanger, Philadelphia, Pa.

But when these were awarded, there lay the dozens of copies that had nearly won prizes, and the hundreds that were almost as good as the dozens, so carefully done, so neat, so admirable—taking the ages of the writers into consideration—that, but for having the Roll of Honor in which to place them, the committee might have gone distracted. Let no one suppose that because this Roll is long, it is on that account less a Roll of Honor. Every name that is here deserves to be here, and we five are proud to say so.

Many of you, my friends, who do not find yourselves on these lists may feel that injustice has been done. But do not believe it. If you were to see your copies again, you probably would be astonished at the omissions, and the mistakes in spelling, that escaped your attention.

For instance, two very elaborate Declarations, each superbly put upon a great sheet of paper, marvels of neatness and penmanship, contained positive errors of spelling and copying—not the mistakes

in spelling which really occur in the fac-simile of the original "Declaration," and which every child had a right to follow in this case, nor yet the slight verbal differences that had to be allowed because they occur in the various forms of the "Declaration" printed in books of authority—but positive errors that could not be overlooked, and that marred the otherwise wonderful excellence of the copy. One very beautiful copy (by Ellis C.) was spoiled by divided monosyllables, such as h-ath, th-em, Ju-dge, h-old, occurring at the end of lines, part being on one line and part on the next. Other words, such as en-lar-ging, c-haracter, tra-n-sporting, wit-hout, etc., were broken in an equally remarkable way. Speaking of this, I would suggest to very many of you who sent in copies, that no word of one syllable, nor a syllable forming part of a word, should ever be divided by writing part on one line and part on another. And let me call attention here to the very common mistake of writing the word government, *goverment*. The committee (looking at the poor rejected Declarations) shudders to think in how many civilized American homes that word is pronounced "government." Never let a ST. NICHOLAS boy or girl commit this offense, I beg.

If the "signers" of 1776 could look over these copies of the Declaration, they would be interested, no doubt, in some of the young signers of 1876. For instance, Roger Sherman would see the names of his three great-great grandchildren, Mary E. Boardman, Elizabeth Haskell Boardman, and Hettie L. Greene: Matthew Thornton would find his great-great-granddaughter, May Greeley: Samuel Huntington would discover his great-great-niece, Mary Pearsall Coley, and a certain South Carolina signer would be amused at the letter of Henry Hone Leonard, who writes:

"Thomas Heyward, of South Carolina, was my great-grand-uncle, his niece was named Thomas after him, and when she grew old, she was called 'Aunt Tom.'"

But, in one sense, we all are descendants of the "signers," and I am sure all of you, especially those who have expressed such satisfaction in at last "knowing every word of the Declaration," will unite with me in doing honor to their memory.

Now for the grand Roll of Honor, but allow me, before giving it, to thank you for your hundreds of hearty letters, and to sign myself, with the committee's sincere compliments to you all,

Yours to command,

SILAS GREEN.

ROLL OF HONOR.

(Girls and Boys of from Ten to Thirteen Years of Age.)

Frank Bourne Upham	Lucy W. Alexander	Amy C. Thacher	Gertrude F. Van Duzen	Hobart Amory Hare	Bessie S. Smith
Josephine M. Wilkin-son	Katie Sturges Benton	Jamie Mitchell	Mary E. Lester	Amy Massey	Charles Morse Hazen
Stephen T. Livingston	Nelly W. Chapell	Charles P. Machesney	Susie E. Buckminster	Mary K. Hankins	Helen Beal Hall
Lyman B. Garfield	Florence Townsend	Florence E. Bennett	Nessie E. Stevens	Lucia A. Ferris	Hannah N. Thomas
H. Percy Chilton	Ella Reed	Alfred H. Dunkerley	Maud Getty	Mabel Shippie Clarke	Grace L. H. Hobart
Rachel E. Hutchins	Edgar A. Law	Charles L. Dunkerley	Jennie Custis Young	Carrie R. Heller	Nannie Barnard
Edith Eaton	Eliz. H. Boardman	Lillie Ray	Dorsey Ash	Emma Lucella Flagg	Virginia B. Page
Fred M. Pease	E. C. Wilstach	Mary McC. Kidder	A. Blanche Nichols	Esther M. Turlay	Mary L. Matthews
Clarence E. Doolittle	Horace L. Jacobs	Charles B. Willson	Emily M. Thompson	Willie Dibblee	Jennie B. Barnard
Sara G. Timmins	Woolsey Carmalt	Elmer B. Hudson	Martha Preble Adams	Olivia S. Wilson	Allie Collingbourne
Lucy Hamlin	Edward C. Mills	Constance Furman	Allen H. Moore	Marland C. Hobbs	Nettie Williams
Anna Jerenson	Maxwell W. Turner	Libbie Montross	Harry W. Chapman	James A. Little	Lutie R. Munroe
Philip W. Ayres	Alice C. Twitchell	Kate Graham Gilbert	Robbie S. Tew	Anna Belle Moore	Luman C. Pryor
Carrie P. Smith	Stella Brown	Lizzie E. Moorhead	Arthur D. Smith	Hattie A. Thomas	Nellie A. Hudson
Alice B. Prescott	Carrie Louise Cook	Mary E. Poole	Frank Howard Wells	Francine M. Gale	Rebecca F. Hamill
Harry R. Nyce	Helen D. Wheeler	Jessie Lamport	Molly Montgomery	Fannie F. Hunt	Etta Crampton
Manie Field	Margaret Miller	John Hubbard Curtis	J. Barton Townsend	Howard G. Thompson	Jacob Bein
Sadie S. Morrow	Willie R. Page	Lizzie M. Knapp	Ethel A. Littlefield	Charlie F. Clement	Blanche L. Turner
Wm. R. Macknight	Susie C. Amory	Amy Shriver	Anna Taylor Warren	Emma C. McAllister	Ada E. Mott
Etta Beekman	Joseph Moore Bowles	Chester T. Hoag	Bessie Daingerfield	Harry Walsh	Lewis H. Rutherford
Lorella M. Palmer	Eva Germain	Anna Bergitta Olsen	H. W. Plummer	Kittie Sanders	Nellie M. Tremaine
Emma J. Knight	Wm. Peck McClure	Annie Fitzgerald	Mary Louise Smith	Emma Hanford	Hattie Butler Tucker
Grace B. Stearns	Ella M. Woolley	Lillian E. Taylor	Carrie W. Hunter	Maude Bartlett Tripp	Mary B. Chadwell
H. Mertoun Downs	Sadie Georgette Colby	Rollin N. Larrabee	Finnie Collins	Lulu E. Orth	Clara H. Thomas
Edwin K. Ballard	C. Alice Robinson	Wm. F. Livingston	Ellen Kemble Lente	Nellie C. Beckwith	Sarah Saxton Frazee
Louis P. Taggart	Annie M. Marsh	Elsa Lincoln Hobart	Charles A. Herpich	Susie D. Sherwin	Gracie Townsend
Cora A. Lock	Fred L. Smith	Edmond C. Van Diest	Lizzie C. Treadwell	Josephine Willis	May McCalla
Nellie Washburne	Maude Calkins	Debbie Duane Moore	Ella Higbee	Minnie D. Keyser	Anna Woltjin
Gertrude B. Adams	Susie Ganson	Hattie L. Seymour	Maud E. Potts	John Frederic Huckel	Alice Eliz. Bunnell
Thomas T. Baldwin	Maria P. Bockee	David C. Halsted, Jr.	Leonie G. Giraud	Elizabeth Leggett	Sarah F. Chapman
	Minnie Woolley	Edith Lowry	Lazzie A. Hewins	Georgie A. Pettengill	Virginia Waldo
			Anna C. Felton	Frank C. Colville	Maria E. A. Whittlesey
			Anna S. Catlin	Annie H. Close	Isaac S. Laubenstine
			Bella Townsend	Rena R. Chamberlin	Isabelle S. Roorbach
			Anna F. Rew	Mattie O. McCarter	Hettie L. Greene
			Joseph Abbott Chapin	Emma Dodge Boyd	Wm. Osborne Safford
			Annie Carakaddon	Marion J. Seaverns	Bessie J. Seelye
			Edwd. Russell Kellogg	Laura Augusta Wilson	Frank G. Moody
			Jeannie J. Durant	Ora Lea Dowty	Nathaniel Greene, Jr.
			Louise Rankin Albee	Florence A. Kendall	Bessie Harris Smith
			Clara J. Elliott	Charles Wesley Ashby	Mabel Page
			E. L. Richards, Jr.	Lizzie Kiernan	Helen Tyler Brown
			Carrie Newell	Frankie M. Sebley	Edith Whiting
			Hattie C. Allen	Minnie Elouise Blass	Frank D. Leffingwell
			Thomas C. Griggs	Amelie Louise Rives	Alfred Howard Fuller
			Nellie De Golyer	Florence G. Russell	Sarah B. Coolidge
			Augusta M. Carter	Mina Snow	Julia A. Hibben
			Kate Louise Dana	Ettie J. Armstrong	Kath. Betta Hammond
			Sarah W. Learned	Bertha Colt	Edmund Platt
			Lizzie O. Marston	Jennie C. Reando	Laura Hart
			James Craig Crawford	Emma Rhodes	Rosie M. Bodman
			Louis Noble	Lizzie P. Wells	Agnes E. Deane
			Mary E. Boardman	Kate B. Walsh	Maggie U. Quinby
			Nellie S. Colby	Lizzie Selden	Louis N. Geldert
			Harry Walter Shaw	Geo. Clinton Goodwin	Clara Hurd
			Arthur Hudson Brown	May F. Southgate	Agnes Estella Hall
			Elise Dana Howe	Elizabeth L. Marquand	Lillian Page
			Charles F. Williams	Isabel Derrick	John W. Harris
			Elkanah Williams	Bessie S. Garrett	Ada F. Crandall
			Mary McMartin	Emma B. Griffith	Lucy K. Maynard
			Harry H. Small	Jennie Sage	Ernest Lane Angle
			Ursula Paret	Virgie C. Castleman	Jessie Percival Sutton
			Amos Russell Wells	Cornelia Fulton Cray	Julia Harrison Moore
			Ernest Albert Munsell	Mary Grace Stewart	Lily L. Pinneo
			Willie R. Howland	Lilian Graves	Sarah H. Fiske
			Frederic Davis	Dodie Mann	Wm. Thomas Rayner
			Sanford Norris Knapp	May Terry	Harry Brown Prindle
			Howard F. Boardman	Carrie Wood	Helen C. Bates
			Thomas F. Forster	Carrie Wiggins	Fannie Ellen Pratt
			Nathalie Homans	Katie F. Gibson	Jeannie Moore
			Henry R. McCabe	Fred A. Howard	Lydia S. Rommel
			Mabel C. Chester	Arthur L. Brandigee	John Wm. Potter
			Bessie Cocke	May Fitton	Mary G. Austin
			Lizzie Eva Lee	Harvey C. Jewett	Lillie D. Richards
			Carleton Brabrook	Willie Edwards	Isabel C. Halsted
			Susie Goldmark	Lizzie Beach	Mary Abbie Wentz

Minnie E. Patterson	Howard Steel Rogers	T. Morton Lipscomb	Herbert H. White	Ida Lathers	Nettie C. Beal
Gracie B. Weed	Minnie A. Lyon	Nattie G. Valentine	Hattie J. Chamberlain	Sophia Jarrett	Julia E. Ogden
Nora Abbott	Florence Ware	Hattie A. Whitzel	Ellis Chandler	Annie Greene	Laura Fletcher
Ida Marion Chase	Libbie M. Dunkerley	Mary Van Diest	Mary G. Lockwood	Minnie Bowen Potter	Hugh W. Pemberton
Jeannie G. Greenough	Mary Bell French	Mary B. Stebbins	Herbert Putnam	Emily S. Haynes	Minnie C. Short
John Tudor Gardiner	Helen G. Perinchief	Lucia Beverly Talcott	Andrew D. Blanchard	Anna Middleton	Emilie R. Vincent
Maggie W. Hogeland	Wilhelmina N. Jones	James H. Skinner	Minnie O. Steele	Belle C. French	L. Addie Meeker
Leon Hornstein	Annie L. Thorn	Emily Richardson	Emma H. Kirby	Charles M. Fish	Elise Johnson
Ernest Farnham	Mary E. Huggins	John H. Townsend	John T. Sill	Fannie M. Hannahs	Alice W. Huell
Anna Grace Carter	Lizzie C. Selden	C. Eleanor Lewis	David Hays	Alice Flora White	Kate M. Wetherell
Edgar C. Leonard	E. Louise Tibbetts	Mabel Gordon	Burton A. Randall	Addie J. Davis	George B. Houston
Walter John Stevenson	Matilda Kay	Rosalie A. Ogden	Chas. Leland Harrison	James M. Treadway	Emily Grace Gorham
Richard Fiske Smith	Minnie Roebuck	Dora Matthews	Carrie L. Warren	Cleora A. Bonneville	Lottie E. Skinner
Annie F. Butler	Mary Pearsall Coley	Ella Grigg	Sarah M. Jaques	Charles W. Adams	Mary S. Clark
R. Bennett Wynkoop	May Greeley	Sadie T. Steele	Lina F. Warren	Virgie Harness	Annie D. Latimer
Hattie M. Daniels	J. Louise Wright	Henry Hone Leonard	Jessie J. Cassidy	Nellie A. Morton	Agnes Taylor
Clara B. Presbrey	Lena C. Smith	Annie F. Neill	Harry H. Wyman	Guy M. Watkins	May Davenport
Fanny L. Tyler	Mattie A. Morgan	Freddie G. Davies	Albert White	Annie Eliza Watts	Clara J. Hicks
J. M. Firth Bartlett	Louise Hooker	Melia F. Hodgkins	Josie M. Hadden	Ella G. Damon	Daisy Martin
Wm. Russell Fearon	Jamie W. Tupper	Selwyn N. Blake	Lizzie Grubb	Ida Groff	Dora Wheat
Laura G. Smith	Bruce Throckmorton	Zula Jones	Charles Hart Payne	Allie Van Ingen	Alice Copeland
Gertrude H. Abbey	Mary Throckmorton	Robt. Bowman, Jr.	Ossian E. D. Barron	Mary Stevens	Ella C. Upham
Henry R. Gilbert	Bessie Sergeant	Margaret House	Martha D. Bessey	Alice Louise French	Caroline E. Bruorton
Sadie A. Vinal	Foster A. Rhea	Bertha Kirby	May F. Doe	Ernest E. White	Howard S. Bliss
Lucia Lee Bates	Sophie Perkins Rhea	Achsa McCullough	Laura A. Jones	Janet Cross	Eunice King Hazen
Lizzie Simons	Jane S. Ledyard	Theodora M. Schmid	Alice Blanchard	Ernest E. Hubbard	Fannie S. Adams
Julia Lathers	Gertie E. Taylor	Arad Taylor Foster, Jr.	Abbie A. Story	Alice Maud Wight	Wm. B. Shufeldt
Louise R. Johannott	Kitty Stebbins	Katie M. Hancock	Sarah P. Ranney	Lillie E. Earp	Sarah Isaacs
Alice Hansell	Craig McClure	Harry Glasier Archer	Mary M. Pryor	Anne C. Gleim	Irving Perley Favor
Walter C. Fish	Sarah Ellen Odneal	George Oakley	May E. Strong	Lucy E. Roberts	Edwin Oliver
Catherine E. Abbott	Stevie B. Franklin	Bessie S. Weeks	Stephen W. Libby	Jennie E. Shugg	Emma P. Willits
Alice F. Brooks	Mamie D. Clark	Jessie V. V. Thomas	Augusta P. Canby	Louis T. Reed	Clara Nice
Mabel C. Stanwood	Wm. P. H. Bacon	Mary T. Abbot	Fanny A. Lester	George E. Willis	Mary Alice Russell
Maria Adams Rogers	Willie H. Mooney	Ruth Crosby Dodge	Cora M. Oakfield	Laura Haines	Hattie Ella Buell
Clement Newman	Anna F. Bird	Robert Hale Birdsall	Florence Washburne	Julia Cleveland Lyman	Minnie L. Ellis
Birdie Irene Luce	Margaret Mather Sill	Addie Imogen Carver	Helen M. Shattuck	Louis Meyerhardt	Ida Axtell
Georgianna Hollister	Marian Roby Case	Gertrude H. Osborne	Emma Lee Tuttle	Mary F. Thompson	Carrie Hirschfelder
Grace L. Phelps	Minnie Rheem	Herbert P. Moore	Carrie M. Crowell	Sarah Newberger	Adelia A. Nichols
Frances J. Parker	Harriet Avery	Chas. Henry Hannam	Lottie F. Gilbert	Mary Balfour Leiper	Lizzie Jamieson
Charles J. Humphrey	Irene W. Haslehurst	Chas. M. Hutchins	Alice T. Gold	Edward A. Williams	Isabella H. White
Eliza May Lucas	Freddie S. Goodrich	Mary V. Hogan	Willis E. Frost	Annie Mary Hayden	Mary Latimer Wills
Daisy Hunt	Mabel C. Barber	Florence Dow	Charles W. Gaston	Cornelia Brown	Mary De Witt Searcy
Lulu E. Habershaw	Grace R. Meeker	Katie Noble	Nettie Graham	Addie S. Church	Carrie Parker Johnson
Minnie Brua	Nannie James	Nellie F. Elliott	May F. Allen	Chas. R. Trowbridge	Callie Webster
Lizzie Mitchell	Mary C. Foster	Alice Smith	Grace S. Hadley	Annie E. Hilands	Charlotte J. Blake
Etta N. Congdon	James McComb	Ida F. Quimby	Charles R. Thurston	Abbie A. Stough	Sarah H. Sergeant
James Weir	Charles E. Ruperd	Julia P. Shaw	Lizzie M. Gaston	Lizzie M. Baker	Agnes B. Williams
John B. Jackson	Alice A. Eager	Emmie Louisa Lewis	Cleaveland A. Parker	Emma Wetmore	Lizzie C. Wells
Fannie M. Beck	Maud J. Miner	Eliza McFarland	Sarah McClurg	Millie E. Twitchell	Milly S. Rann
Bertha E. Taylor	Lorena B. Wilson	Robert G. Beatty	Eleanor M. Pike	Emma Hall	Eva M. Reed
Abby L. Barney	John Isaac Perkins	Elinora Iselin Horn	Carrie Marsh	John E. Lewis	Jennie C. McElroy
Gertrude W. Cornell	Kittie McDermott	James Alden Guest	Venard Black	Helen R. Massey	Kittie J. Dunn
Emily T. Colket	Kitty E. Rhodes	Ella Carr	Lottie Huggins	Abbie C. Brown	Nellie B. Wright
Anna E. Lester	Birdie Kingston	William Scott	Kenneth L. Browne	Carrie O. Chester	Carrie S. Simpson
Edith W. Judd	Mattie J. White	James G. Carson, Jr.	Hattie F. Lockwood	Theodora Chase	Ida May Seaton
Grace Forman	Alice W. Davis	A. Kremer Miller	Emma Wetmore	Emily Augusta Cook	Cora L. Shoemaker
Pauline Koenehe	Lizzie T. E. Rogers	Katie E. Hubbard	Millie E. Twitchell	Samuel Lewis	Lila F. Atkinson
Jennie F. Dedham	Arthur L. Pease	Emily D. Garretson	Emma Hall	Allie I. Havens	May R. Shipman
Mamie C. Gerard	Mary Grace Shippie	Albert H. Adams	John E. Lewis	William Henry Dix	Mabel M. Mason
Adalina Pratt	Artella Babcock	Amy Cray	Helen R. Massey	Lina H. Barton	Woods P. Johnson
Mary C. Huntington	Henry K. Morrison	Ella A. Wrigley	Abbie C. Brown	Katie H. Harris	Lizzie Beard
Nettie R. Gardner	Mary S. Clark	Lily Reid	Carrie O. Chester	Emma Augusta Tefit	Fred Herbert Adams
Kate Bird Runkle	Addie B. Smith	Newcomb Cleveland	Theodora Chase	W. F. Smith	Nannie G. Laubie
Mary A. Armstrong	Fannie E. Cushing	Fanny Elizabeth Peck	Emily Augusta Cook	Edgar N. Stevens	Louella H. Markle
Hattie F. Roberts	Reta A. Whitlock	Two "Canadians"	Samuel Lewis	Willard E. Keyes	Laura M. Hixson

ROLL OF HONOR.

(Girls and Boys of from Fourteen to Twenty Years of Age.)

E. B. Halsted	Sarah A. Ellithorpe	Ella J. Darwin
Sarah F. Lincoln	Clinton H. Bradley	Nannie W. Clark
Percy W. Eaton	Adele W. McAllister	William Wirt Duncan
Wm. Wesley Runyon	Willie L. Amerman	Flora C. Hanley

Cora Frost	Geo. H. Striewig	Mamie Stratton	Sophie Adams Hall	E. Lizzie Sadler	Lillie C. Bass
Dixie Lee Bryant	Arthur W. Condict	Carrie Skinner	Helen C. Cornell	Ada G. Horton	May T. Kemble
Ada M. Woolley	Nellie E. Sherwood	Jessie Longley	Nina Leonard Nevins	Wm. J. Cloves	Edward F. Kingsbury
Eugene A. Baker	Georgiana R. Young	Sophie Wright Fitts	Willie T. Eastburn	Jennie M. Shattuck	Bertha E. Saltmarsh
Juliet McB. Hill	Elizabeth M. Sherman	Nellie C. Sayers	Marion Chitty	Charles E. Wessel	Addie S. Ketcham
John T. Loomis	Mary A. Sayer	Bessie Selden	Edward Wm. Herron	Lizzie Neuhaus	Tessie Bertha Connor
Leva Par Delford	Grace Clark	Nellie Lobdell	James H. Lancashire	Emma M. Pierce	Birdie Bennett
May Harvey	Ruania E. Chase	Sophie K. Card	Atherton Clark	Anna M. Garretson	Gracie J. Hicker
Cora E. Chapman	Alice B. Pirtle	Hattie E. Hoag	Frances Eliza Rowell	Fanny N. Osburn	Mary Wattson
Hugh Du Bois	Mary D. Hodges	Allie M. Joyce	Florence Graham	Amelia A. Adams	Francis E. Morse
Wm. R. Cordingly	Charlie Sale	Gracie E. Bushnell	Rachel Adler	J. A. Bowne	Libbie Lee
Anna M. Lagowitz	Annie M. Rudd	Mary E. Selden	Chas. Grant Rust	Mollie Gatchel	Angie Gascoigne
Warren W. Smith	Turpin Gerard	Emma L. Hyde	Mary C. Taylor	Carrie Towne	Cora Lippitt Snow
Lilla M. Hallowell	Mollie F. Kellogg	Louise Achey	Mollie E. Gird	Susie M. Acker	Henry T. Miller
Emma E. Porter	Willie B. Sears	Louisa Williams	Emelie S. Farwell	Addie M. Sherman	Iva M. Ingram
John J. Zebley	Julia B. Frayser	Ida A. Coats	Eliza A. A. Morton	Winifred P. Ballard	Agnes Eliz. Stevens
Emmie D. Merrill	Fanny M. Hyde	Mary S. Seymour	Harvey W. Temple	Maude Lovett	Kirk McNair
Henry P. Canby	Natalie J. Brown	Wm. G. Talman, Jr.	Adelle A. Sexsmith	Maria Storrs Peck	Ida Patchen
Wm. Arthur Locke	E. Eva Cast	Abby J. Cross	Julia Parsons Roberts	Frank E. Davis	Rosie R. Atwater
W. H. Burns	Helen G. Black	Ella M. Tuttle	Edgar J. Wheeler	Lulu C. Luce	Florence Harding
Willie Boucher Jones	Charles S. Mills	Harry Griffing Tobey	Richd. Edward Ferris	Ida Brown	Lillian L. Evans
Mary A. Tobey	Nellie F. Eames	D. C.	Wm. A. Stout	Lillie Bishop Perkins	Florence M. Drew
Minnie Loreign Reid	Eliza Van B. Parker	Lettie L. Doane	Winthrop Alexander	Nellie J. Watson	Elsie L. Reeves
Lucy Purinton	Bacon Starr	Lottie J. Webb	Louise Valliet	Geo. F. Curtiss	Esther C. Britain
Howard Willis Preston	Walter L. Seward	Oliver Everett	Katie Hilliard	Helena Goodwin	Lulu L. Wylie
Julia A. Watson	Benjamin M. Lewis	Maggie H. Soule	Mattie A. Vinal	Alice M. Evans	Hattie A. Lusk
Florence Donnelly	Lennie Colby	Katie Ruebuck	Helen H. Stewart	Thomas C. Diggs	Wm. G. Sutherland
Carrie T. Granger	Philip Cooke Kennedy	Julia A. Wright	Ella J. Eddy	Abby D. Baker	Edith R. Packard
May B. Reese	Della Vie White	Charles S. Bird	Ella Hogeland	Leula Wethered	Helen Edna Briggs
Howell Stewart	Carrie Holdeman	Josie Hewetson	Lulu S. Rex	Alice Stickney	Estelle Keller
Frank Ellis	Marion Abbot	Abbie Bentley	Geo. T. M. Tilden	Fannie W. Armstrong	Lucy C. Ross
Gertrude M. Denison	Carrie Stilwell	Annie Nattrass	Bertha F. Poindexter	Jennie L. Barnard	Jennie J. Wilson
Edith E. Morris	George Valliet	Charles H. Fish	Fannie L. Clark	Annie Gore	Ella Gallup
Eliz. Burrill Curtis	Belle Wilson	Cora A. Tuttle	Clara A. Potter	Laura Crosson	Charles M. Catlin
Ella Lyon	Harry L. App	Gertie A. Benedict	Edwin Bennett	Margaret Frayser	Henry Allen Tenney
May Remington	Minnie A. Myrick	Jodie Humiston Wills	Gracie E. Steere	Anna Stratford	Six "Canadians"
Bessie B. Randall	Mary E. Herron	Nannie Moore	Fstelle McAllister	Mary C. Washburn	Mary E. Dunakin
Everett D. Van Dusen	Florence Emilie Hyde	Elise Graham	Louisa Ford	Minnie Merry	E. M. Bergen
Lily F. Swords	Ethel Beecher Allen	Martha H. Lamberton	Agnes L. Kimberley	Eva L. Fulton	Addie C. Mead
Kate F. Howland	Josephine B. Miner	Sophie McPherson	Warren P. Laird	John Prentice Terry	Benjamin M. Wright
Helen L. Stanton	Lucy Coverts	Carrie E. Powell	Charlie F. Carter	Bessie E. Dickinson	Martha Hall
Fred R. Galloupe	Edith Harrison	Lidie H. Harding	Wm. Cushman Hanks	Dora Laura Goble	Marion Wilkinson
Charles K. Mount	Alfred T. Guyott	Carrie P. Holden	Mary A. Morey	Elsie S. Adams	Helen M. Boynton
Mary C. Gerts	Mabelle L. Jones	Percy Perry	Jeannette Benjamin	Mary Wikoff	Maggie Chalmers
Deforest C. Williams	Bessie A. Peck	Mary C. Brown	Maddie Hawkins	Annie Dwight Rhea	Sibyll Louise Olmsted
Gertrude Huntington	Isabelle C. Corbett	Grace Ellen Richards	Anna L. Knight	Grace Benedict	Florence Bickford
Theresa M. Lawrence	Clifton B. Dare	Charles Daniel Pitcher	Amelia Y. Johnson	Phebe A. Booth	Bessie C. Battelle
A. Bradford Wallace	Ella Mendenhall	Harriet E. Angell	Elmer E. Hoover	Libbie Dusenbury	Olive Parker Black
Mary Eliz. Fairfield	John Henry McEwen	Alice Matthews	Rachel Littell	H. Winfield Matthews	Carrie A. Tupper
Thos. Randolph Elrod	Fannie M. Lincoln	Henry N. Niles	S. Halsted Watkins	Mamie A. Tuttle	Herbert T. Abrams



THE LETTER-BOX.

BOYS AND GIRLS! This truly Midsummer holiday number of ST. NICHOLAS is offered you in honor of the season. We know that with you "the holidays" are not confined to Christmas times, and so ST. NICHOLAS, coming out in the prime of summer, must give you only its choicest and best. This is why, among all the pleasant things in this issue of the magazine, you find a paper that not only is full of midsummer poetry, but full of just the heartiest help for enjoying it. Miss Larcom (who, you may remember, helped Mr. Whittier to compile his "Child-life in Poetry") knows how truly young souls enjoy all that is sweet and beautiful on the green earth; and she knows, too, how keenly you all would enjoy what some of the best poets say about it, if you only knew just how, and in what spirit, to read them. She tells you that the best poets are the simplest; and the most fitting subjects for poems are the thoughts and things that are oftenest felt and seen—by young and old—and we hope you'll enjoy every word she says. Mrs. Oliphant, too, and Mrs. Whitney and Noah Brooks and Celia Thaxter and Lucretia P. Hale and Lydia Maria Child, and all the others who have helped us in our effort to make this the very crowning number of ST. NICHOLAS—we thank them in your name, and wish them peaceful and happy Midsummers to the end of their days.

Potsdam, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take your magazine, and think it is splendid. I like "The Boy Emigrants" the best. I would like to know if all the stories that Jack-in-the-Pulpit preaches are true. I have the history of the United States, beautifully bound. Our printing-office caught fire just as we were going to Sabbath school, and we all ran to see the fire. When we came home from Sabbath school, it was all out. Just in the midst of the fire two dogs got to fighting, and they had to part them with water. My teacher said that I could spell better than I could write. I have a little brother who is very sick with the lung fever, and is very cross. I have a little friend to whom I take my ST. NICHOLAS after I get through it. Please put my letter in the Letter-Box.

JOHNNIE SEELEY.

J. S. offers the following original conundrum:

Why cannot an uncut wisdom tooth properly be considered as a part of the human body?

Ans. Because it's a purely inside dental affair.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and have always read the ST. NICHOLAS Magazine with much pleasure. I subscribed to it for two years. Since I came to Germany I have been studying hard to learn the German language. I have been here for nine months, and can read and write quite nicely. Every day for an exercise, I translate some little German story; they amuse me very much, and I thought perhaps some of your boy and girl readers would like them too. I enclose one that I translated to-day:

"THE PILGRIM."

"In a magnificent castle on the Rhine, many years ago, there lived a rich knight who spent much money in order to adorn his castle, but he did very little for the poor. One day there came a poor pilgrim who begged him for a night's lodging. The knight haughtily ordered him away, saying:

'This castle is no inn.
'Allow me to ask you only three questions,' said the pilgrim, 'then I will go on my way.'
'I grant your request,' replied the knight.
'Who lived in this castle before you did?' asked the pilgrim.
'My father,' answered the knight.
'Who dwelt here before your father?'
'My grandfather.'
'And who will live here when you have passed away?'
'My son, if God permits.'
'Then,' said the pilgrim, 'if each one lived here only for a certain time, the castle is indeed but an inn or temporary stopping-place. Let me advise you in the future not to spend so much money in adorning a place which you occupy for such a short time; rather do good to the poor, then you may enjoy an everlasting abode in Heaven.'

"The knight took these few simple words to heart. He gave the

poor pilgrim a lodging, and was from that time ever a kind benefactor to the poor."

I am studying now without a teacher, and translate with no other help than my dictionary. I may stay here for some months, and would like to tell you something about this very quaint old city. Some of the buildings have been standing for nearly eight hundred years.—Your little reader,
E. R.

New York.

DEACON GREEN—DEAR SIR: I have just finished writing the Declaration of Independence, and think, perhaps, some of the boys and girls would like to know why Charles Carroll signed himself "of Carrollton."

He was a very wealthy man, and when he was signing his name, some one said, "There goes a million, but the British won't know it." "I'll let them know," said Carroll, and signed himself of Carrollton.

Hoping my "Declaration" will meet with your approval, I remain,
your young friend,
S. K. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I was staying in the country during the summer, I had a ride on an engine, which I am now going to tell you about. One summer morning a gentleman and I thought we would like to go on a little excursion. So we got in the steam-cars and rode about twenty miles, and then got off. When we were there a short time the gentleman said to me: "Suppose we go back in an engine?" I consented at once. It was easy work to ask the engineer if we might ride, and then get on. So off we went full speed. I forgot to say that the engine had no cars attached, and was all alone. I rang the bell, pulled the whistle, and sat on the look-out. Suddenly the engineer said that a train was due at L—, and that we would have to get there so as to get on the switch track before the train came up, so we put on full steam and flew along like the wind. I was nearly shaken to pieces, the engine jarred so.

"How many minutes have we got to get there?" I asked.

"About five," the engineer replied.

I happened to look out the window and saw a train ahead of us.

"Hurry up," I said.

The engine crowded on all steam. Suddenly the station came in sight, and we rounded the curve just as the train came up.

We rode the rest of the way in safety, and, after thanking the engineer, we returned home. A week afterward that very engine blew up, and the engineer was killed.

LELAND COLBY.

EMMA R. sent the following answer to the charade in our April number:

No wearied pilgrim seeks a shrine,
Without my first begins his prayer;
No rich man ever took his ease,
Without my second ends his care.

No sun by day, no moon by night,
Their glowing warmth and light afford
Without my third! And so, 'tis true,
My whole is mightier than the sword.

Weimar, March 28th, 1876.

I wonder how many of the youthful readers of the ST. NICHOLAS have heard anything about "Queen Louisa, of Prussia." While you in America are making such grand preparations for the celebration of our proud Centennial, we have been enjoying a little centennial of the Germans in memory of their beloved Queen Louisa. If she had lived till the 10th of March, 1876, she would have been one hundred years old. In Berlin there is a great deal to remind one of her beautiful life, and the good she accomplished, and the papers are full of little interesting incidents connected with her;—stories of her childhood, and what touches a very tender chord in the German heart, the deep love she cherished for her Fatherland. The winning, loving traits of her character are dwelt upon with a peculiar pathos, and every child in Germany can but admire and respect her memory. She was queen during a period of peculiar trial. When that ambitious conqueror "The Emperor of the French," was making Germany so much trouble, Louisa trembled for the safety of her country, and so strong were her sympathies that she not only felt the trials and the perplexities of her husband, King Frederick William III, but the sufferings of her beloved people. Once, not far from Weimar, she met the proud, victorious Napoleon, and tried to turn him from his course. Her beauty, loveliness and dignity impressed him deeply. He never forgot this interview, and acknowledged that his treaty with

the Germans was much more favorable than it otherwise would have been.

Another reason why the name of Louisa is so honored by the German nation is, because her son, the present Emperor (who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday), has accomplished so much for the Germans. He has won and retains the hearts of his people, and the germs of his success and patriotism were implanted by the gentle, lovely mother, who died when he was still young.

Her life is well worth studying, for, aside from her having been a noble and high-minded queen, she was a true and faithful daughter to her afflicted father; a most devoted wife and tender mother, and one of the most interesting and lovely characters that history has on record. Those who have visited that wonderful piece of art erected to her memory—the Mausoleum at Charlottenburg—in the garden of that palace which she so dearly loved, must ever remain impressed with that magical piece of marble, which but faintly suggests her exquisite loveliness.

Jean Paul wrote of her that fate had destined her to wear the flower wreath of beauty, the myrtle wreath of honor, the crown of a king, the laurel and oak-wreaths of fatherland's love, and a crown of thorns. There still awaited her the crown of glory which the God of the Christian reserves for those who love Him.

The name of Queen Louisa of Prussia has become a national symbol, her memory a legacy, and her tomb a shrine of patriotic pilgrimage.

E. M. P.

Who can tell a correspondent, J. H., why salt is used in freezing ice-cream?

Madison, Wis.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me who is the author of these lines?

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt, would be disloyalty—
To falter, would be sin."

Yours truly, H. M.

The above lines form the last stanza of the poem "The Right Must Win," written by Frederic William Faber.

Bath, Maine.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, ten years old. I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much. I have two sisters older than I, and a little brother younger. He is real cunning; he is not old enough to read the ST. NICHOLAS, but he likes to look at the pictures. My papa is writing a book about the Douglas family, and will have it printed soon. He likes the piece "About Heraldry," in the May number of 1875, very much. I have heard him tell the verse about the Black Douglas, but not the story; he is going to have the verse printed in his book. I love flowers dearly. I have a great many gardens in the summer, and I have quite lots of plants now. I have ten bouquets at a time sometimes in the summer. I went a May-flowering the other day, but did not get many flowers. I would like to have you put my name down as a Bird-defender, although I never killed a bird nor never expect to.—Yours truly,

ALICE M. DOUGLAS

We would like to ask a question of the Bird-defenders—not that we suppose the element of cruelty enters into the question, but because, as lovers of birds, they are supposed to know, or to be interested in searching out, many facts regarding their habits.

In reading a description of the seat of an English gentleman (Esholt Hall, Yorkshire), we noticed this remark: "In the wood, opposite to the house, a singular circumstance in natural history occurred in 1821: three young woodcocks of one brood were brought to maturity, a fact seldom if ever ascertained."

The question is: Why was this so singular a circumstance?

Fort A. Lincoln, May 18th, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write you from Fort Lincoln, on the west bank of the Missouri River, opposite Bismark, the terminus of the N. P. R. R. An expedition has been fitting out from here to go into the Indian country, and day before yesterday they broke camp and started off at five o'clock in the morning. I will tell you in what order they marched past the officers' quarters:

First came General Terry, who is in command of the expedition, accompanied by his staff. Next came a band of forty Arickaree scouts, mounted on Indian ponies, and singing their horrid war song, which sounded to me like "yow-yow-wow!" Then came the regimental band, playing the "Girl I left behind me." Following this came the seventh regiment of cavalry, at the head of which rode General Custer, and by his side his beautiful wife, who was to accompany him to the first camp. Next came a battery of Gatling guns, each drawn by eight horses. Last of all came three companies of infantry, which marched with resolute and steady tread. The expe-

dition was accompanied by a train of one hundred and fifty wagons. It is going to drive Sitting Bull, and his band of hostile Sioux, on to the reservation. If it accomplishes anything wonderful, you will probably read of it in the newspapers.

Fort Lincoln is a very large Post, but we cannot go outside of it alone for fear of Indians.

As I fear I am taking too much space, I must say good-bye.

MARY A. MANLEY.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: This is a true story I am going to tell you about. We have an old Dorking rooster named Jack. He is a great pet, and, consequently, thinks he is lord and master of everything and everyone. Well, grandmamma has a brood of fine young turkeys. One day their mother died, and grandmamma was very much bothered about them. What was her surprise to see, as she was walking out on the terrace one day, old Jack with the whole brood nestling under his wings. She called us all, and we were so astonished! I think it was very funny. Dear Little Schoolma'am, what do you think?—Your loving

AMALIE.

Mumford, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In my May number of ST. NICHOLAS I find a notice of a church in Mumford, Napa County, California, which is built of petrified wood. We have in our own village of Mumford, Monroe Co., New York, a Presbyterian church which is built of a stone very similar to that you describe. The walls and tower are now complete, and we hope the church will be finished the coming season. This stone was taken from a quarry near the village, and contains a great many petrified willow leaves, twigs of cedar, mosses, etc. Some excellent specimens have been sent to the Centennial Exhibition. They are arranged in a glass case, and with them are some of the ferns and cedars which grow in a swamp near the quarry. These petrifications are, of course, very curious and beautiful: the church is visited by a great many people from all parts of the country.—Yours very respectfully,

ETHAN ALLEN.

THE answer to the French riddle in our July number is as follows:

Dix mois six tu m'aime. (Ten months, six "tu"s love me.)

Adele: Dis-moi si tu m'aime. (Adele: Tell me if thou lovest me.)

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing G. G. Sampson's questions in the May number of your Monthly respecting the "Marriage of the Adriatic," I send the following account of its origin, etc. "In the year 1173, Pope Alexander III. was so persecuted by Otho, son of Frederic Barbarossa, that he fled for safety to Venice, and, entering the monastery of St. Charitie, lived for a long time in secret and unknown. When the Venetians discovered who he was, they not only treated him with great respect, but placed their army and navy at his service. In a naval battle, Otho was taken prisoner, and presented by the Venetians as a vassal to the Pope, by Sebastianus Zianus, commander of the fleet. Alexander immediately took a ring off his finger, and, giving it to the commander, told him that as long as he kept that ring he should be lord and husband of the ocean, and that he and his posterity, on the anniversary of the victory, must espouse the sea. Therefore, in memory, of this grant, the custom of throwing a ring was annually observed. A splendid barge was built called the Bucen-taur, and in this magnificent ship the doge, attended by a thousand gondolas and barges, sailed to a place in the Adriatic called the Apostle Gates, situated at the entrance of the gulf. The patriarch who went with him poured holy water into the sea, and the doge then dropped a ring of great value, repeating these words: 'We espouse thee, O sea, in token of real and perpetual dominion over thee.'"

I hope this account will be satisfactory.

G. B. K.

LIZZIE M. D. sends us the following

"EPIC IN A NUTSHELL."

I'm going to write an epic,—ho! and this is the first line:
The second this, and please observe how strong it is, and fine.
And this the third: A king is born: he loves, he fights, he dies.
So, ere the fourth, the whole is told, or else the writer lies.

Sacramento City.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been making your Holiday Harbor, published in your magazine in the December number of 1874.

I used instead of card-board the wood of a strawberry box, and I find it answers the purpose, if anything, better than card-board,—provided you have a sharp knife,—for this reason, it is very hard to cut card-board, and when you do cut it, it is very hard to cut evenly; but with strawberry-box wood and a ruler, you can cut very easily. Will some of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, that have already made the Holiday Harbor out of card-board, try strawberry boxes, and I think they will like it better than card-board, for the reason already mentioned.—Respectfully yours,

A CONSTANT READER OF ST. NICHOLAS.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE primals and finals name two summer amusements—one for girls and one for boys.

1. Marco bought the farm cheap. 2. I was in Rome on Easter Sunday. 3. I saw some gay dresses at the Carnival. 4. I expect to visit Quito this year. 5. A tour in Italy is pleasant. 6. Have you been near Naples? 7. What a grand cathedral has been built in New York!

Words having the following significations are concealed in the above: 1. A pony. 2. A Shakspearian character. 3. The last. 4. To leave. 5. A Bible name. 6. To gain by labor. 7. An appendage. CYRIL DEANE.

SQUARE-WORD.

My first, when shot, is never hurt,
E'en though its feathers fly;
My next we do when plucking fruit
From branches hanging high;
My third we like the fruit to be
If it is fair and sound;
My fourth, a clay which painters use,
Of different colors found;
My fifth, a question you would ask
If searching something were your task. J. P. B.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded.

1. My sister — went to see the —. 2. The — of the — was sixpence per pound. 3. Father — the — wagon last week. 4. In the center of the — cross was a large —. 5. The — entered the carriage and took a —. 6. She went to the —, but was not — to remain there long. 7. — can he be? He surely is not —. H. C.

METAGRAM.

I SIGNIFY to dress by heat;
But change my head, I'm good to eat.
If changed again, I am a fish,
Which, cooked, you'll find a pleasant dish.
Another head, if you should please,
The last could swim in me with ease.
Then, if you change my head again,
I mean to cause or to constrain.
Change it again, and you will find
An implement of useful kind.
Once more, and I'm on your account.
Again, my meanings will amount
To half a dictionary page:
To learn them will require an age. L. W. H.

A LITTLE STORY.

Containing 25 Hidden Cities of the United States.

It was in August, a half-century ago, that I offered for sale my farm, preparatory to going West in the fall. Rivers were not then traversed by steamers, nor the land by rail-cars, so that neither the rich nor folks who were poor could travel rapidly, as now. I was to be accompanied only by my wife, Ella, and my dog, Ponto. I purchased a chart for direction.

On a Saturday I said to my wife, "We will do our last washing to-night, and start Monday. We will take only such things as are new; have no useless articles to encumber us. We shall do very well now with but little, and perhaps sometime be rich." Monday we started, and Ponto led off for weeks through the forest, but our progress was slow. Ella rode upon horseback as well as myself. One day my horse, in attempting to drink, stepped upon a little rock, stumbled, and I nearly fell into the brook. Lynx eyes were watching, unknown to us, and had I not fallen I should have been pierced by an arrow which struck a tree just above my head with a dull bang, or thud.

Turning quickly, I discovered an Indian disappearing in the bushes; but a single shot from my pistol gave that Indian a polish which rendered unnecessary any more painting on his part. He could not have expected such a rebuff, alone though he was; but not till I pondered on my narrow escape did I begin to get mad. I, so near my future home, to be so attacked! It showed a poor prospect of the delights of a home so rural. Eight days more, and we should be at our journey's end, if no accident happened.

But the next day we were stopped by a large party of Indians armed with bows and tomahawks, who surrounded us like a mob. I let them do as they chose, for resistance was useless, and we were

taken to their village. Luckily for us, one night we were left without a guard, while they were celebrating some great event; and, in the noise and confusion occasioned by their whoops and halloos, we got off in safety. In a few days, but after many privations, we reached our long-sought-for port. Land cost nothing, and we were soon prosperous. Our harvests were prolific; level and fertile was the land which I had chosen, and I am now reaping the benefits of my toil.

Hundreds of acres of wheat, corn, and farmer's stuff, rank for the harvest, can I now call my own.

Forests were on every side when my life was in its spring:
Fields of waving grain and produce now to me their treasures bring.
GARDE.

CHARADE.

My first is little but mighty;
My next is myself or a part;
My third you may pitch at your pleasure:
My whole you may be in your heart. L. W. H.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

ACROSS: 1. A consonant. 2. A personal pronoun. 3. A bird. 4. The founder of an ancient city. 5. To besiege or attack. 6. A color. 7. A consonant.

DOWN: 1. A consonant. 2. To plunder. 3. An ancient poet. 4. Puzzles. 5. Made angry. 6. A small piece of iron used in machinery to fasten bolts. 7. A consonant. IVANHOE.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

My first a plant, with pods which hold
Wealth that is quickly turned to gold;
The value of my next, 'tis found,
Lies in the part beneath the ground;
My third a tree—of it we prize
The nut, and that which round it lies;
My fourth has wealth in wood and fruit,
My fifth has value in its root;
If money from my sixth be gained,
From every part 't will be obtained.

Downward, from left to right—you'll find
An acid fruit with acid rind. J. P. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name two characters in Sir Walter Scott's writings. 1. To communicate, or make known. 2. The name of a great queen. 3. Something that we could not live without. 4. One of Shakspeare's characters. 5. One of the West Indies. 6. A mixture or medley. 7. A flag or banner. ISOLA.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THIS enigma is composed of sixteen letters. The 4, 6, 5, 7, 3 is what a young lady is very liable to become. The 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 is useful, where open fire-places are used. The 16, 2, 9, 8 is to cast off, to let fall, or may be something near your house. The 1 is the beginning of a turtle and the end of a serpent. The whole is the name of a noble army whose mission is peace, not war. CYRIL DEANE.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

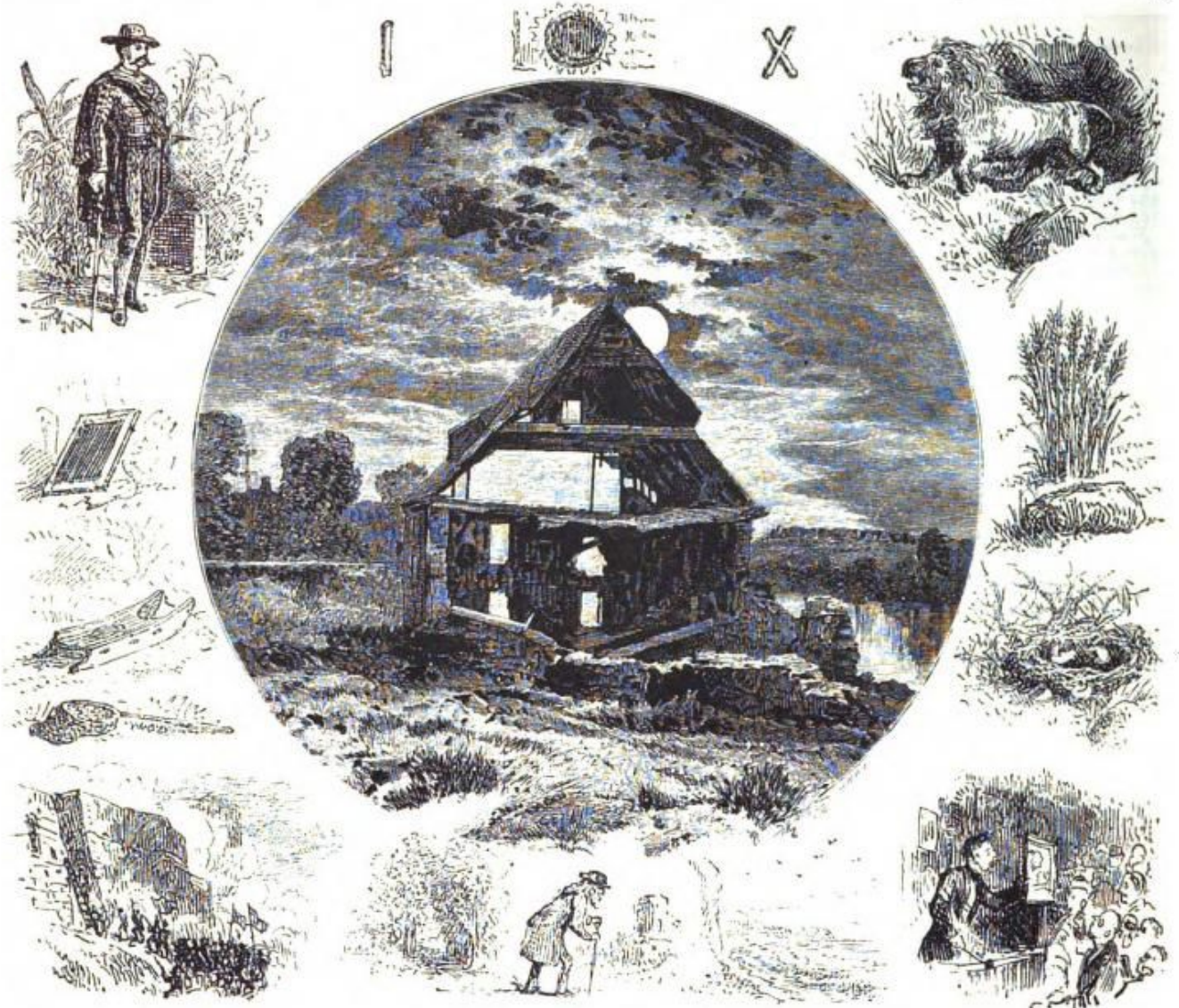
My whole is the name of a great hero.
My first is in walk, but not in run;
My second in happiness, not in fun;
My third is in spear, but not in gun;
My fourth is in light, though not in sun;
My fifth is in win, but not in won;
My sixth is in pound, and also in ton;
My seventh in spinning, but not in spun;
My eighth is in daughter, but not in son;
My ninth is in roll, but not in bun;
My tenth is in green, and also in dun. R. W. G.

BEHEADED SYLLABLES.

TAKE the first syllable from a word meaning a guide, and leave a clergyman; from a word meaning that which is correct, and leave a clergyman; from a word meaning to give, and leave a clergyman. J. P. B.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.

(The central picture represents the whole word, from the letters of which the words represented by the other pictures are to be formed.)



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"Knowledge is power."

CHARADE.—Indefatigable.

PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

S
A C E
W H E A T
S C E P T E R
A L T A R
N E T
R

EASY TRANSPOSITION.—Table, Lamp, Chair.

HALF WORD-SQUARE.—

P A R R O T
A L O O F
R O O T
R O T
O F
T

A CHARADE FOR 1876.—Centennial.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Ethan Allen.

E —urek— A
T —rowe— L
H —ul— L
A —gat— E
N—apoleo— N

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Study, stud. 2. Ruby, rub. 3. Flamingo, flaming. 4. Homer, home. 5. Plank, plan. 6. Farm, far.

INITIAL CHANGES.—Batch, catch, hatch, latch, match, watch.

MELANGE.—1. Pearl, earl. 2. Pearl, pear. 3. Pearl, peal. 4. Earl, Lear. 5. Pear, reap, pare. 6. Peal, leap, pale, plea. 7. Reap, rap. 8. Pear, pea. 9. Pale, ale. 10. Plea, lea. 11. Earl, ear.

BROKEN WORDS.—1. Profit, able—profitable. 2. Alter native—alternative. 3. Inn ovations—innovations. 4. Commend a Tory—commendatory. 5. Hand, led—handled.

PREFIX PUZZLE.—Prefix: Im. Impeach, impress, impanel, impair, impost, impatient, impose, implant, impart, impale, impediment, impostor.

Adelaide Underhill, M. W. Collet, Robert L. Goundyke, and Tom Loomis answered correctly *all* the puzzles in the June number. ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES in the same number were received, previous to June 18, from Willie Dibblee, Maggie B. Acheson, Eugene L. Lockwood, M. F. Rohnert, Arthur B., Brainerd P. Emery, Mamie E. Cummings, H. R. Wilson, Eddie Herbert Lewis, Florence A. Merriam, Mary H. Wilson, Jenny R. Miller, E. S. W. Blanke, E. P. S. Robinson, John R. Lapham, "Anubis," William Chauncey Hawley, "Alex," Bessie Foster, Eddie Roleson, Brenda Balmain, Alexis Coleman, May F. Southgate, May Wallace, Arthur D. Smith, Emma Elliott, Alfred Edward Vultee, S. B. H., C. W. Hornor, Jr., Harry Edmonds, Howard S. Rodgers, H. Engelbert, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Katie S. Hughes, Evelyn Dudley, Amy W. Finney, Willie E. Furber, E. D. J. Hennessy, Hattie L. Hamilton, Eleanor N. Hughes, "Apollo," Jesse A. Chase, Alma Bertram, and Lizzie Kiernan.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE DEACON sends you a verse this month, my beloved, with his compliments. He says there is comfort in it for scores of ambitious young folk who sent him letters, during the "Declaration" competition, complaining that they felt themselves to be so useless, in this great busy world. It was written by Mrs. Browning, who wrote "The Cry of the Children," and the Deacon says that in this verse, which somehow answers the cry of the boys and girls, she hits the pin exactly on the head:

"Let us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little. 'T will employ
Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin.
Who makes the head consents to miss the point;
Who makes the point agrees to miss the head;
And if a man should cry: 'I want a pin,
And I must make it straightway head and point,'
His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants."

AN ARMY SLIDING DOWN HILL.

I SHOULD really have liked to see the sight. An army of many thousands of great, grown men all sliding down hill for the fun of the thing.

It seems that when one of the barbarous tribes called the Cimbri came from their homes in northern Europe to attack ancient Rome, they were obliged to cross the Alps. They, however, did not object to that. They rather liked it in fact, for they were strong, and hardy. So it was a favorite amusement of theirs to climb to the tops of the snow and ice-covered peaks, carrying with them their great broad shields, and, arrived at the summits, to cast themselves down on the shields, very much as boys now do upon their sleds, and with great rough shouts of laughter to swiftly glide down the vast and dangerous descents.

How do I know all this? Why from hearing somebody reading aloud from a book called "Mallet's Northern Antiquities."

HOME-MADE BEAUTY.

THE more they use their muscles, the stronger, and consequently the more beautiful, my girls and boys will grow. They are something like trees and plants. The more these are stirred by the wind the more rapidly the sap flows through their trunks and branches, and the stronger and more beautiful they become. Boys and girls have this advantage: they can exercise just when they wish, and need never wait for the wind to come and blow them.

A HORSE THAT KNEW IT WAS SUNDAY.

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you a true horse story.

The horse was raised on Long Island by my father, who used her for many years,—on week days for farm-work, and on Sundays to take the family to meeting. She was not a beauty, but she was strong and trusty. She always went by the name of "Miss Finley." When the faithful creature had grown old in long service, father took her, one summer morning, across the bay to Robin's Island, that lay over half a mile off, and left her there to rest, and to crop the good grass at will. In other words, she was placed on the "retired veteran list," with all the honors. This was on a Monday. Well, all that week the old mare stayed there and enjoyed herself to her heart's content; but when Sunday came, and the first ringing of the Church bell began, the knowing animal pricked up her ears and listened. Then she trotted along the sand-bar as far as it went, and, without a moment's hesitation, plunged into the water, swam over to the main land, and went straight to the stable. She knew it was Sunday, and that she should be needed to take the family to meeting! Dear old Miss Finley! But the hardest part of it was that father, not thinking of ever using her again, had already purchased a new horse. Miss Finley found her own empty stall. But something was wrong. All was silent. There was no familiar voice; no familiar touch, and the harness did not fall clanking about her as usual. Could it be that the folks were not going to meeting, after all? No one knows what Miss Finley thought, nor how she felt, when, after a while, the new horse came trotting briskly home with the family. But you may believe she was patted and praised when we found her. We gave her water; called her a good old girl; hugged her neck; pulled handfuls of fresh clover for her; gave her lumps of sugar, and did all we could to do her honor. One and all agreed that nothing was too good for the faithful old horse who knew it was Sunday.—Yours truly,
New Suffolk, L. I. J. G. T.

A KIND O' GARDEN.

"POOH! your sister is too little to go to school. She's almost a baby."

"But she *does* go to school, any way."

"It is n't a real school."

"Yes it is, too. It's a German school —"

The big boy who had been speaking so ungallantly to the rosy-faced little girl fairly jumped.

"*What!* that little bit of a thing go to a *German* school! Can she speak German?"

"Oh no," laughed the other, "she don't have to speak German. It's a *Kind-er-Garten*."

"A kind o' garden? Oh! That's a great school! Who could n't go to a kind o' garden. Oho!"

The rosy girl laughed, but she had caught the boy's saucy way: "It is n't a kind o' garden, neither; it's a *Kinder garten*."

Just then the Little Schoolma'am, who chanced to be near by, called out pleasantly:

"Not so fast, Lizzie! You both are right, and both wrong. It *is* a school, and it also is a kind of garden, dear. *Kinder garten* (pronounced, *Kinder*, not *Kind-er*, Lizzie!) means, literally, a children's garden. In fact, many of the German *Kinder-gartens* do have bright little greeneries, where the children may play. But whether it be indoors or out, a true *Kinder-garten* always should

be as sunny and fresh with heart-shine as an out-of-door garden is with sunshine."

(If Lizzie had seen the word "heart-shine" in a book it might have puzzled her, but the pretty Schoolma'am's bright eyes and kind voice were so full of it that Lizzie understood right away just what heart-shine meant.)

Then Lizzie and the saucy boy went off together in the most friendly manner, and the pretty Schoolma'am was quite pleased as she saw the boy's rough straw hat and Lizzie's pink sun-bonnet bobbing in close conversation.

Dear soul! Jack would n't for anything have had her hear what that conversation was:

Straw-hat: "Humph. Great school! I told you so! It is n't nothin' but a garden, after all. The Schoolma'am said so."

Sun-bonnet: "Aint you smart! It *is* a school, too. The schoolma'am said it was."

BERNARD, THE HERMIT.

A GOOD friend sends, in care of your Jack, a bit of writing, which she says she translated on purpose for you, "from one of *Merimée's Lettres à une Inconnue*, published not very long ago":

Cannes, January 22, 1859.

You should know that I have given myself up wholly to the study of nature, and shall have a pretty account of a kid for you when we meet. Have you ever happened to see an odd little animal called here "Bernard, the hermit"?

It is a little creature of the lobster species, no larger than a grasshopper. Nature has omitted to provide any covering for his tail. So when the hermit would go about upon the shore, he picks up some shell large enough to admit his unsheltered tail, crams it in, and promenades entirely at his ease.

Yesterday, happening to come across one thus equipped, I picked it up, carefully broke the shell, without injury to the contents, and put my captive into a plate of sea-water. After a time, I placed an empty shell of suitable size in his dish, when the little fellow quickly approached and surveyed the object on all sides; then, raising one claw, he evidently took a measurement of its dimensions, and ended by thrusting his pincers inside, to make sure the former occupant had vacated the dwelling. All being satisfactory, he finally seized the shell with his front claws, and, turning some sort of somersault, he managed to thrust his tail into its extemporized shelter; and finding it fairly in, he strutted about on his plate, with the air of a man emerging from a fashionable tailor's dressed in a brand-new suit of clothes.

READY-MADE CLOTHING—GROWN ON A TREE.

VERY singular, I must say, but one can't doubt the word of Humboldt, and the Little Schoolma'am read about it in his works. The garment grows on the trunk of the tree; it is, in fact, a very wide ring of the bark, cut around as you boys cut a willow twig to make a whistle of it, and taken off the beheaded trunk in one piece. Two holes are cut for the arms. The South American native slips it over his head and considers himself in full dress. Now, if you boys would dress in that style, what a saving of trouble for mothers it would be!

A COLD-COUNTRY DRESS.

THAT last was a hot-country dress. Now you shall hear how the natives of Siberia array themselves.

It's cold up there, I understand, and that is why they dress so warmly. Two complete suits of fur from neck to heels—one suit with the hair side

in, the other with the hair side out. A hood, tied under the chin, is made of the fur from a reindeer's head, and besides the holes for eyes and mouth, it has often the ears of the departed deer sticking up on top of the man's head. He's an object to behold; but he is comfortable, and he does n't care if he does look like some wild animal. His wife dresses in almost exactly the same style, so do his children; in fact, everybody does. It's the fashion.

A LETTER FROM SCOTLAND TO OUR ROBIN.

HERE is a letter from the pretty Blue Jay of Scotland, to our dear American Robin. It has come a long way, and a little bird tells me that Robin will enjoy it all the more if he reads it over your shoulders. So gather close, and with Robin's help we'll all spell it out together:

Ayr, on the Firth o' Clyde, Scotland.

DEAR MR. ROBIN: I hae been tauld that certain flogers o' Scot's Lan' an' America hae been holdin' converse thro' the pages o' ane New York buik belongin' to the wee bit bonnie bairns o' a' lan's, an' luv'd by a' alike. Du ye ken ony reason why you an' I should na hae a bit o' talk efter the same manner o' correspondence? Surely we are luv'd by lads an' lassies een amais as dearly as the flogers are, an' they'll nae be loath to let us hae a word wi' them.

Hae they not great armies o' bird-defenders, wha's names are writ in the same child's buik? Ane thing, dear Maister Robin, wad seem befitin', an' that is, that we singers o' bird songs should aye strive to mak' oor sangs far bonnier an' stranger than iver before, oot o' pure gratitude to a' the kin' herted weans wha hae taen a pledge o' bird-defense. Think ye sae? Nae doubt ye'll teach a sweeter chirp to yer ain wee birdies in the spring o' the year, an' that'll be a fine kind o' handin' doon yer thankfu'ness o' hert, frae ane generation to anither. Ane canna wonner at the o'erflow o' hert an' voice in praise-fu' sang frae birdie throats, when ane considers a' the "gifties God has gied," in showin' them hames an' families o' their verra ain, aside frae a' the sunlight an' leaf shelter.

Hae ye larches in America an' Scotch pine-trees? Do ye ken that they are leal o' hert in their aye-green coaties? Nae tree o' ony clime boasts o' mair o' nature's true nobility. And hae ye the wee wrinkled willow, a dwarfie wha grows but ane or twa feet tall upon oor great an' sma' "Bens?" (Do ye name your Bens "Mountains?") I wish ye kenned the lark o' oor lan'. His voice is mony measures bonnier than my ain, an' nae melody o' wind amang the tops o' spruce or fir, or e'en amang the fields o' ripenin' grain is sae sweet an' heaven-like as his. It isna strange that a' folk, o' human family, or o' oor ain, aye luv the dear brown birdie.

Hae ye wren, an' bobolink, an' swallow cousins in yer lan', an' du ye claim kinship wi' ilka wee bit warbler?

My kin' regards to Mistress Robin, in which I am joined by my wife. Ken ye the couplet: "It warms me, it charms me to mention but her name?" It weel applies to a bird's ain feelin', altho' it was writ by a human singer o' Scotia.—Farewell.

BLUE JAY.

To Robin-Red-Breast, in care of Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

I HEARD the Little Schoolma'am, one day, telling some girls that Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt," was rejected three times by London editors before it found any one willing to accept it. She said this should be a comfort to all young contributors whose articles are declined by ST. NICHOLAS. I don't quite understand this myself, but if the pretty Schoolma'am says so it must be right. The Deacon remarked that three rejections must be rather discouraging, but that all the children had to do was to produce something better than the "Song of the Shirt," and then it would n't be rejected but once or twice. But my birds don't believe a word of the story. They say shirts can't sing a note. Nonsense! Just as if the pretty Schoolma'am could make a mistake!

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE DIAMOND AND THE LOADSTONE.

ONCE a Diamond and a Loadstone on a shelf together lay,
While with looks of mutual wonder, each the other did survey.
Quoth the Diamond, in her scorning: "Will you please to kindly
state
Why we're treated so like equals when our difference is so great?
Why does stupid man consider an unpolished stone like you
Fit to be the near companion of a gem so bright to view?
Mine are bright and shining virtues—I am sought alike by all;
The haughty great, the humble little, by my light are held in thrall.
I appear with equal splendor when a vesture rich I clasp;
Or, with glow and sparkle, hold a slender finger in my grasp.
I am chosen by the beauty, with my charms her own to grace,
In the glittering crowns of monarchs do I also find a place!
But for you, a simple pebble!—I confess 'tis not quite clear
On what merit rests your title to the station you hold here."

Then the Loadstone humbly answered, "It is true I've been denied
All those bright, external beauties which so justly swell your pride.
I am conscious of my plainness—my slight value too, I fear,
To those who, like you, wish worth on the surface to appear.
'Tis your province to adorn—but 'mid the graver cares of life
Men have found that you but please them, while I help them in their
strife.

By my aid their ships hold commerce with the ports of distant lands,
By my aid the world's great circle comes to their industrious hands.
I bring from France her silks and laces; carry back as rich a store,
Bear to England what she values, gather fabrics from her shore.
I skim along the perfumed tropics, seek the wealth of every clime;
I lead the traveler's eager footsteps to the mold'ring halls of Time.

I spread the fame of noble deeds and bear love's message sweet,
Unite hearts by distance severed in a living band complete.
I explore the earth: I conquer nations; men owe their wealth to me.
For my magic guides their passage o'er the boundless, pathless sea.
You're indeed a pretty bauble, I am pleased to hear you tell,
Since to shine is all you can do, you succeed in that so well.
But in future, pray remember, when to scorn you feel inclined,
'Twas I who brought, with other blessings, even *you* to grace man-
kind!"

Thus we learn a useful lesson—one that people often need,
And among the gay and thoughtless, I would have them ever heed:
Though the outside seem attractive, and its beauties please the eye,
Yet beneath a plain exterior, great virtues sometimes lie. G. H.

IN THE DARK.

"Oh, mother, it is so hard to have nothing one wants, it seems
just like living in the dark!"

"Hush, Mary! There, take this work home and bring me some
more, and think of your blessings child, think of your blessings."

Mary shut the creaking door behind her, and set off at a brisk pace
for Mrs. Holt's, really trying to think of her blessings.

"First, there's mother. But she always looks so tired, and the
sewing machine makes her back ache; why can't she rest, and be
comfortable sometimes? Then the boys,—they are strong and well,
and they can go to school while I have to stay at home to help with
the sewing. Oh, if I *could* go to school, I would study so hard!
And if I could learn French like Ada Holt, and take music lessons,
and live in a pretty house instead of that draughty little brown one"—
and Mary found herself, almost crying, at Mrs. Holt's door. The
housemaid let her in, saying,

"Sit in the parlor and get warm, while I take this work up to Mrs.
Holt."

Mary would usually have been glad of such an invitation, but to-
day she felt too unhappy to care, and seated herself, thinking,
"They live in the sunshine, and I in the dark."

What did she hear? Not an echo, surely, but the words were very
like her own.

"It is so sad to be here in the dark."

Where did that thin, silvery voice come from? Ah! the closet
door was half-open, and on the shelf stood a whole row of hyacinth
bulbs in glasses. One of them was certainly speaking.

"See those other plants by the window. How they put forth new
leaves and blossoms and enjoy the sunshine while we are shut up
here. How can our tops grow without light?"

"You don't understand," said another bulb, "if we were put in the
sun our tops would grow, but we should have no roots, and soon die.
I heard our mistress say that our roots need darkness, and when they
are long enough she will put us on the shelf by the window."

"Really?" said all the other bulbs in chorus.

"Really," said the speaker.

Mary had listened with interest.

"Hyacinths," she said, "why do I have to live in the dark? I
can't have anything I want, like other girls, but I am not a plant
like you."

"Perhaps patience and energy in people are like roots in flowers,"
said the wisest bulb. "Anyway, you had better learn patience."

"Yes," sang the rest, "learn patience."

"I will," said Mary.

At that moment Mrs. Holt entered the room with some work for
Mary's mother, and the little girl went home.

That happened weeks ago, and now the hyacinths stand in full
bloom on the shelf by the window. Whenever Mary comes to the
house, she thinks they nod to her and say,

"Patience! your good times are coming!"

H. N. G.

ANNA'S PIG.

ONCE a little dark-eyed girl, whose name was Anna, was made a
present of a little white pig. A pig was something unusual to Anna,
because she did not live in the country, but in the limits of a flourish-
ing little town on the Lake Erie shore, where pigs and cattle could
not be very conveniently kept. But this little pig was a present, and
of course must have the greatest care and attention. Accordingly a
little sty was made for it, and not of the common order either. An
inclosure was made of boards, nice and smooth. Boards were laid at
the bottom; but that was not all. A little house was made of boards
and shingles. Hay was put inside for piggy to sleep on. Every
thing seemed to be quite flourishing and pleasant for piggy. But
Anna soon discovered that piggy was not contented in his new home.
Anna concluded that he must be very lonesome in there, all alone,
from the way he squealed, and kept on squealing, from morning until
night; but Anna could not very well see how she could help it, and
it sorely troubled her, and finally concluded to let piggy squeal; per-
haps he would get used to his new home in time. As piggy was fed
by the man of the house, he very soon and naturally slipped out of
Anna's mind, until one day Anna descried piggy's tail and hind parts
just disappearing through the front door-yard fence.

Anna was thoroughly aroused, and decided that piggy must be
caught at once. Away she flew after piggy, her little sister following
after her at her heels. But such a tiresome chase from street to
street; with steady determination piggy dodged, and Anna and her
little sister dodged. They tried their best to head piggy, but could
not, until some little boy came to their assistance, and then it was all
up with piggy. He was cornered and hopelessly caught. Anna
held him by the fore feet and head as firmly as she could, and her
little sister held him by the hind feet and tail. Piggy squealed louder
than ever, and nearly succeeded in kicking himself loose, but the
three arrived home safely, all panting and out of breath. Although
it took all of Anna's strength, and left her weak and trembling, yet
such was her determination to conquer that she would not give up.

Piggy was taken good care of until it began to be cold weather,
and great fears were entertained that piggy would not stand the cold.
And, alas, such was only too true. Poor piggy was brought in the
house, one bitter frosty morning, frozen stiff. Anna felt very sorry,
and did all she could to revive him by the heat of the stove, but it was
of no use, piggy was frozen too stiff and hard. A. E. F.

THE RAIN.

RAIN, rain! what do you mean?

By raining so hard all this day.

Quoth the rain, "That remains to be seen,
I was not born for mere play.

"What you do, do with all your might;

So I rain, rain, rain,
And as I consider that right,
Please do not complain.

"This rain will bring forth tiny buds,

To blossom into larger flowers;
It will help the washing-tub
To wash out ladies' dowers.

"By and by the sun will burst out laughing,

And you will forget I stayed so long.
So after this, please, away with your chaffing,
For, I hope, now you see that is wrong."

BASS.

IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON.

THE sky was gray and dark o'erhead.
 "We shall have snow at last," they said.
 Truly they spake. The earth, ere night,
 Was robed in a mantle pure and white.
 And still the flakes came floating down,
 Into the country and into the town:
 Floating and flying, in groups and rings,
 Like flocks of birds with snow-white wings,
 Till the air was white with the whirling clouds,
 And still came the rollicking, frolicking crowds.
 And wherever the snow-flakes fell that night,
 They were hailed by all with joy and delight.

Folks said the spring had come at last;
 The winter cold was over and past.
 The sun shone warmly, brightly down,
 Into the country and into the town.
 Then came a night that was chilly and cold,
 And lo! a shower of snow-flakes bold.
 But wherever the snow-flakes fell that night,
 They met with scorn, reproach, and slight.
 "For surely 't is not the time for snow:
 The winter is past, 't is spring-time now.
 Ah! poor little flakes, so dainty and white,
 You should not have left your home to-night.
 You thought, because once you were loved so well,
 You would always be welcome whenever you fell.
 There's a time for sunshine, a time for showers;
 There's a time for snow, little flakes, and for flowers."

So the snow-flakes all unheeded lay,
 Till the sun came shining, warm and gay—
 And, weeping, then they vanished away.
 But from each spot their tears had wet,
 There sprang a blue-eyed violet.

M. J.

A FINE YACHT-RACE.

I THINK ST. NICHOLAS would like to print something about the races which have occurred between the *Resolute*, *Dreadnought*, and *Vesta*, and so I will write some account of one of them.

The *Resolute* is a center-board schooner 113 feet long, and is enrolled in the papers of the New York and Atlantic Yacht Club.

The *Dreadnought* is a famous keel schooner, and is of the New York and Brooklyn Yacht Clubs.

The *Vesta* is a center-board schooner, and was a partaker of the famous ocean race won by the *Henrietta*.

Suppose we go on board of the *Dreadnought* for this race.

The wind was a strong north-west, and the waves now were crested with foam, and we had promise from a grayish cloud to windward of plenty of wind during the night.

We had picked crews, and the yachts were in splendid trim. We were to be taken down to the light-ship by the steamer *Cyclops*, but, as there was plenty of wind, we preferred to sail.

We were all to be in the vicinity of the light-ship at 3 o'clock, and so we were.

But it had been agreed that we should not start till 4, so we had to sail, or lie about till that time.

The *Resolute* fired two guns as a signal at six minutes before 4 o'clock.

As soon as the signal was given we ran up our topsails, and soon we had our canvas full.

The *Vesta* got past the light-ship one-sixth of a second before us, and we a few seconds before the *Resolute*.

The start was a superb one, and we had (we thought) the wind fair both ways for the 112 miles of race.

For the first minutes of the race neither seemed to gain, but the *Resolute* began to get to windward of us.

But our yacht would not have this, so we ran up so as to leave the *Vesta* a good deal to leeward.

As the breeze freshened, both of us began to leave the *Vesta*. We could not gain on the *Resolute*, for she kept to windward.

About this time we looked back to see the *Vesta* haul up her jib topsail; but that was only to be hauled up and then pulled down again.

We then held our own well, and once in a while our main boom would go into the waves and throw up showers of spray.

The *Vesta* then hauled up closer to the wind, and then was farthest to windward, but farthest from the next turning-point, which was the Five Fathom light-ship of Cape May.

About 6 o'clock the *Resolute* passed and kept passing us, until she cleared us entirely by half a mile.

We then cast our log, which showed that we made $11\frac{3}{4}$ knots an hour.

The wind now veered round north-east, and we concluded that we would have a rough time tacking back to New York.

When we rounded the light-ship about midnight, we were very much astern of the *Resolute*, while the *Vesta* had bettered her situation toward us a good deal.

During the night the *Vesta* split her foresail, which spoilt her entirely for finishing the race with anything but a good record, for she came in very late.

We laid upon the wind so close that the sails sometimes shook.

When the *Resolute* tacked the second time, she passed under our stern, and was now to chase us, but we got past the goal first. This was at a quarter past 8.

The *Vesta* did not get in till a quarter of nine.

You immediately sling down this magazine, and inform your friend, who is waiting to play chess, that the *Dreadnought* has beaten the *Resolute*; but hold on a few minutes, there is a time allowance.

Time allowance? you say, incredulously.

Yes. For instance, take this very race. The *Dreadnought* started say one minute ahead of the *Resolute*, and came in 59 seconds ahead. You can easily see what they call a time allowance, can you not?

H.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON DISCOVERING GRAVITATION.

(Drawn by a Young Contributor.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are my favorite reading-book. I do not subscribe for you, but papa buys you every month. I will tell you about the first time I ever tried to make bread, which was last Saturday. I am twelve years old, and mamma thinks I ought to begin to learn something about cooking. So she mixed the yeast, gave me directions how to make the bread, and went off to visit the Centennial Buildings. As soon as the yeast was light, I poured it into a bread-pan of flour, and mixed it with lukewarm water, put it on the bread-board and began to knead it. It was so stiff that I did not know what to do. I remembered mamma's telling me about the first time she made bread; so I made holes in the dough, put water in them, and kneaded it until it was about right. I then set it by to rise again, and when it looked like it was light I kneaded it, put it in the bake-pans to rise, and then in the oven to bake. You may be sure I felt very much worried, and watched it very close, for fear it would not bake right.

When the bread was cut and brought to the table, they all declared it was splendid. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will close.—Your friend,
STELLA.

Albert Lea, Minnesota.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we do not know the address of H. H., the author of the article in the June number called "The Expression of Rooms," and as we wish to know what H. H. means in that article by Japanese fans being put on the walls of a room, from the cornice to the book-case, we write to you for information.—Respectfully,
MARY ARMSTRONG AND NORA ABBOTT.

New York, June 28th, 1876.

DEAR GIRLS: I ought to have said, "Pin the fans on the wall." I was very stupid. The fans are very light, and two pins will hold one firm. You can pin them across the corners also. Try it. They are very pretty. I happened to be in the ST. NICHOLAS office this hot afternoon, and Mrs. Dodge showed me your note.

Your friend,
H. H.

Great Eastern Mine, Guerneville, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen other letters printed in the Letter-Box, so I thought I would like to see mine there. I am living for the summer at the quicksilver mines, and there is some vermilion color in the rock that they call cinnabar, and they crush it and put it into furnaces and roast it, and get the mercury or quicksilver out.

We are surrounded by mountains here, and the redwood trees are just a little way from the house, and they are from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter, and most are two hundred feet high. I will not say any more, or there will not be room for my letter.—Yours respectfully,
EDITH EAMES.

New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like all the stories of ST. NICHOLAS, but my favorite ones are "The Boy Emigrants" and "The Story of Jon of Iceland." I wish your book could come out oftener. I would be pleased to have you print this. Last summer, when I was in the country, I took a walk in the apple orchard. I noticed a snake crawling off one of the trees. Full of curiosity, like most boys, I climbed the tree; but what a sight met my eyes! There were five little dead birds in a nest. Being certain the snake had killed them, I hurried down from the tree to kill the snake, but was too late; it had disappeared.—One of your true friends,
NORMAN LESLIE ARCHER.

"POOR CHUNEE!"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" brings out of his well-filled store-house every month such a charming variety of wisdom and wit, fact and fancy, for his large family of boys and girls, that I, for one, have often wondered where in the world he gets it from—perhaps from that wonderful leaf—no, *pulpit*, I guess, in which he stands; anyway, he is about as eloquent a preacher as I ever heard, and when, in the last number of ST. NICHOLAS, he told us of poor Chunee, and that horrid toothache that drove him crazy, I felt as if I must write and tell "Jack" that dear Chunee was an old friend of mine.

You see, many years ago, when I was a little girl in my teens, I used to spend weeks at a time with a dear friend, "Aunt Anna," I called her, who had a shop for the sale of fine perfumery, toilet and fancy articles, in Exeter Change, the lower floor of which was, for I believe it is not standing now,—a splendid arcade or bazaar, on each side of which were arranged beautiful compartments, fitted up with counters, show cases, etc., for the sale of the finest kind of light goods, such as jewelry, stationery, "Tunbridge Wells" toys, and

fancy articles, each compartment divided by light screens. Aunt Anna's pretty, cozy, little place was just opposite the wide and massive stairs that led to Mr. Cross's "Royal Menagerie," on the floor above; and a pretty substantial floor it was, to bear the weight of such a big fellow as Chunee, besides lions, tigers, camels, bears, and lots of monkeys.

As the young friend of "Aunt Anna," I received a free invitation from Mr. Cross to visit Chunee and his friends whenever I chose, and stay as long as I liked. And what nice times I had in seeing the lions and tigers fed, and in feeding Chunee and the monkeys myself. The former so intelligent, so gentle, and so grateful for the "goodies" I used to take him, while the monkeys seemed leagued together to tease me; thrusting their long arms through the bars of their cages, they would catch the straw hat from my head, fill it with saw dust, and then pelt me with it; they seemed to think me fair game for their antics.

The docile elephant had never been tortured into unnatural performances by his kind owner, or keeper, but there was one trick that I used to delight in seeing him do. I would lay a small silver coin on the palm of my hand which he would pick up very gently, and then ring a bell for his keeper to come, when he would deposit the money in his pocket, always trumpeting his "thank you" for favors received.

Poor, dear Chunee! How badly I felt when, several years after, and when I was far away from London, I heard of his sad death. I did not then know the cause of his sudden madness, but as "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" says: "What an awful thing six feet of toothache must have been."
ANNIE F. STUART.

Brookline, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received your magazine this morning, and was very glad. I saw that Gussie wanted to know how to make candy. I have a receipt, although I do not know whether Gussie will like it. It is this:

1. Take a sheet of foolscap paper and make a box by bending and pinning the corners.
2. Take a little butter and rub the bottom of the box.
3. Take three table-spoonfuls of granulated white sugar.
4. Put in two table-spoonfuls of hot water, and then put the paper box on the stove, not having it too hot, and be careful not to let any water touch the bottom of the box. Then let it boil for ten minutes. You would think the paper would burn, but it will not. If you try it, Gussie, I hope you will succeed.—Yours truly,
JOHN F. H.

Who will try this experiment?

JOHN L.—Captain Ericsson is not an American, but a Swede. Mr. Rideing, in his "Turret-Ships and Torpedoes" (July ST. NICHOLAS), called him an American engineer because he has so thoroughly identified himself with American engineering that it is almost impossible for us to consider him as anything but an American engineer.

Monroe, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will write you a few lines. I am twelve years old, and go to school in the grammar-room at Monroe Public Schools. I live about a mile from the school-house. I feed the chickens and three cows. Some way, I cannot think of so much as the other boys to write. Oh yes, if you hear of any boys who want to buy a scroll-saw, I will sell one cheap. I like the stories in the ST. NICHOLAS very much.—Your reader,
WALTER T. ANDERSON.

Garrison, May, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the midst of the grand old mountains of the Highlands of the Hudson; the surrounding scenery is sublimely beautiful. I will tell you about some of the wild flowers that I find in my rambles over the mountains. The trailing arbutus is the most beautiful, and you always find it in great abundance where the laurel grows. There are so many violets they give the fields a purple tint. In the marshes I find the delicate anemone, or as some people call it, the wind-flower, and that is a very appropriate name, for it looks as though a very small breeze would shake all its snowy petals off.

In midsummer the flowers are so very abundant that one cannot step without crushing some of the little darlings; but in autumn, when the birds have flown, the flowers all gone, and you hear the sad sound of the leaves dropping one by one, then the fringed gentian lifts its blue eye to cheer the lonely wood.

I am a great lover of nature, and am very fond of walking in the

woods and watching the little squirrels gather nuts, and the birds building their nests.

I think the story of "The Boy Emigrants" is splendid, and "The Eight Cousins" was delightful.

I watch for you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, as a friend, and indeed you are a very dear friend to me.

Long live the ST. NICHOLAS and the dear little schoolma'am.
I remain your constant friend, MATTIE A. GARRISON.

Tyre, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I submit a question which I wish the readers of ST. NICHOLAS or yourself to decide. If a person is born on the 29th of February, does their birthday occur only once in four years? If every year, does it occur in February or March, when it is not leap-year?

RUEL L'S.

IN reply to Stella M. Kenyon's request for the answer to the riddle beginning "There was a man of Adam's race," the following persons send the answer—"Jonah in the whale's belly:"

Edward W. Robinson, Wm. C. Bowden, Charlie Goodrich, Maggie Harbison, Gordon Buchanan, Julia P. Ballard, Anne A. Butts, "Lillian," Vanie H. Cobb, Nellie L. Tate, Ada M. Duchar, E. D. J. Hennessy, Mrs. G. C. W., "Charlie and Belle," "The Briton," Gertrude Vickery, M. W. C., D. B. McLean, Alice E. Clark, "Minnie," K. M. S., Hattie L. Hamilton, Libbie Montross, Katie, Mr. C. B. Stent, Ida Belsham, Euphemia F. Secor, and "Violet."

"Launcelot" sends his answer in the form of an ingenious rhyme:

There's a strange and wonderful story
In the Holy Scriptures told
Of one, of the race of Adam,
Who lived in the days of old,
And who by the will of Heaven,
And by reason of his sin,
Was doomed to live in a dwelling,
All "curiously wrought within;"
It was not built of timbers,
Nor yet of wood or stone,
No hand had part in its building
Save the hand of God alone;
It was not in hell, nor in Heaven,
Nor on land, where a house *should* be,
'T was a restless, roving dwelling,
And roamed about in the sea;
The tenant was not the owner,
The house was n't his "to keep,"
So JONAH made brief sojourn
In this monster of the deep.

And "Maggie May," with her answer, sends another riddle with the same answer:

There was a creature formed of God,
That showed His mighty power!
That ne'er in path of sinners trod,
Nor name of Christian bore.
It had no hope of future bliss,
Nor feared its Master's rod,
Yet did a living soul possess
That panted after God.

Lynchburg, Virginia.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking your magazine ever since it was first published, and I think it improves with every number. I liked "Eight Cousins" better than any story that has appeared in ST. NICHOLAS; it is perfectly splendid, as all of Miss Alcott's books are.

Perhaps some of the readers of your magazine will be interested in the following information, which I found in an old English book. The phrase "He's a brick" seems to be of classic origin, as follows: King Agesilaus being asked by an ambassador from Epirus why they had no walls for Sparta, replied, "We have," pointing to his marshaled army. "There are the walls of Sparta, and every man you see is a brick."

NELLIE.

Hartford, Conn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to put my name in the Bird-defenders. I have a little story here which, if you think worth putting in the Letter-Box, I wish you would do so. When I lived in Wilmington I had a black and white cat, which I thought very smart. She could not endure music. One day mamma was sitting in an arm-chair and began to sing. The cat (who was asleep on the floor) got up and climbed on the back of the chair, and would keep putting her paw on mamma's mouth in order to keep her from singing. She did

a good many other things, one of which was ringing the door-bell when she wanted to go out-of-doors, and pulling the wire from the other side when she wished to come in. I must tell you the name of this cat,—we called her "Lady from Philadelphia," because she was born there.—Yours truly,
MAY LOBDELL.

San Francisco.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We've got a bird. Thank you for the books that you sent me. We've had a good time out on Pacific Street. A sweet little girl lives around here, named Margie. Another sweet little girl lives down town, named Meta. I've got a little bell and some cologne, and a lot of shells that Margie gave me in a little red bag. She made a necklace for me. We've got a greenhouse. We've got a new, big ST. NICHOLAS; the pictures in it are very nice. I send you some kisses.
LULU.

Boston, June 8, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take you and like you very well. I have just come home from the Centennial, and it is perfectly splendid. I liked the Main Building best, and next to that Memorial Hall or Art Gallery. We used the rolling chairs a great deal, so we did not get very tired.

The Japanese and Chinese Departments were very interesting, and the furnished rooms in the English Department are lovely; there was one room, a drawing-room, furnished in beautiful shades of green and blue, that I liked particularly; the curtains had yellow fringe on them, and the carpet was blue with pink rosebuds on it. Just think of all these colors in one room; but it was selected with such care that it has a charming effect. There are many, many other beautiful things there. I am afraid this is getting too long, but I hope you will put it in the Letter-Box.
A. H. R.

A CHRAP MICROSCOPE.

ALLEN T. MOORE sends the following directions for making a cheap microscope. His experiment is a novel one, and is at least worthy of a trial by all those who desire such an instrument:

First, take an oblong slip of glass (a microscope slide, such as microscopic objects are mounted upon, is just the thing), and, after cleaning the glass slip, pour a drop of Canada balsam upon the center of it. If the drop fall properly, it will form a lens. If it does not assume a circular form, push the edges into as true a circle as possible by means of a pin or pointed stick. If you should fail in this effort and spoil the drop, scrape off as much of the balsam as possible, and dissolve the remainder in turpentine until the glass is once more entirely clean. Keep trying until you get a circular drop, or lens, free from dirt or air-bubbles (by looking through it at some small object, you can easily make sure that it is perfectly clear), and set it away to harden. The more convex the lens is, the higher will be its power. After leaving it in a horizontal position for a week or more, take a piece of cork, a little thicker than the lens, and cut a hole in it, with a diameter a little greater than that of the lens. Blacken the glass around the lens, and also blacken the cork. Fasten the cork to the glass, so as to have the lens in the center of the hole, and fasten a piece of thin glass (called by microscopists a thin glass cover) over the lens, which will prevent dust from settling upon it.

The edges of the glass slip may be ground, or some narrow strips of paper may be gummed around them, in order to prevent cutting or scratching.

Schenectady.

DEACON GREEN: I send you the Declaration of Independence written out, and I hope it will prove satisfactory. It was written by Thomas Jefferson, and was proclaimed on the 4th of July, 1776. There are 56 signers, and the number of States is 13. Will you please ask the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, when Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the American colonies? I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and I am very much pleased with it. I hope I will take it all the time. I must now close.—I remain one of your most interested readers,
H. E. B.

Santa Fé, New Mexico.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder how many of the children who read ST. NICHOLAS have ever seen this strange and far-away country, or can tell how old Santa Fé, the capital, is? This country was settled by the Spaniards several hundreds of years ago, and their descendants are very dark-skinned, and all speak the Spanish language. The little children nearly all go without any clothes in the summer-time, and they can make mud-pies without being afraid of soiling their clothes.

There are a great many strange things in this country. The houses are built of *adobes*. The adobes are very large unburned bricks—just square chunks of mud dried in the sun. They build the houses of these bricks, and build them like a hollow square, and the windows nearly all look into this square, or *placita*, as it is called. At home in the States we have the yard all round the house; but here in New

Mexico they build the house all round the yard. Then they have not many wagons here, but carry everything on the backs of *burros*. These burros are very small donkeys, with very large ears, and are only to be found in mountainous countries. The little baby burros are the most cunning little things you ever saw; they are so little, about as large as a small Newfoundland dog, and their ears are so very large, they look very funny. But they are very intelligent and very comical in their actions.

Then the horned toads are a great curiosity, and a very large black spider, that lives in the ground, is to be found here. These spiders are called tarantulas, and their bite is poisonous.

The coyotes, or prairie wolves, are found in this country also, and one of my neighbors caught a little one and made a pet of it. It grew to be a large wolf, and was as tame as a dog. He and I were great friends, and he would follow me home whenever he had a chance. He would run and scamper through the alfalfa, and roll and have great fun. He would eat ice-cream and cake; but he got to be a great thief. He went into a lady's house one day and found a nice pound-cake, which she had baked for tea, and he ate it every bit; and a few days afterward he went into another lady's house and found three pounds of fresh butter, and he ate that too. Was n't he a very naughty wolf? L. W.

Brooklyn, May 18th, 1876

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. I have not any sisters or brothers, yet I am not lonely. I do not go to school, but mamma teaches me. I learn geography, spelling, grammar and arithmetic, but I like grammar best. I like your magazine ever so much, and think it is perfectly splendid, and wish it would come every week. I read every story in it, and could read the "Eight Cousins," also "The Boy Emigrants," over and over again and not tire of them. I will not write you any more now, so good-bye.—I remain your little friend,
HELEN.

Bunker Hill, Feb. 25th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a little piece cut from a paper, as I liked it, and thought if your readers had n't seen it they might like it too.—Your delighted reader,
ALLIE BERTRAM.

A SWARM OF BEES.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
B sure you make matter subservient to mind;
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few;
B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine,
B careful of conduct, of money, of time;
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, B benevolent, willing to learn;
B punctual, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust;
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
B active, devoted, B faithful till death;
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure,
B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll B secure.

Newburyport, Mass., May 11.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little daughter calls my attention to the acting-ballad of "Queer People," in your April number, and thinks the statement about the Esquimaux, that "Never a doll the children see," must be a poetic license, as she still cherishes the mortal remains of what was once quite a respectable rag-baby, or rather fur-baby, which I brought some years ago from the British side of Baffin's Bay. To be sure, dolls are rare there even among the children of the aristocracy, though I have seen quite artistic specimens, which in figure, features, and dress were perfect counterparts of the adult natives, even to the hood-cape, with a tiny pappoose in it, which must be a peculiarly Esquimaux conception, as I never saw a Christian doll carrying an infant.
W. S. S.

A CURIOUS CALENDAR.

1	2	3	4	5	6
At Dover dwelt	George Brown,	Esquire,			
7	8	9	10	11	12
Good Caleb French,	and David Frire.				

THE words, in their order, represent the twelve calendar months; and the initial letters—to wit, A, B, C, D, E, F and G—represent the seven days of the week.

Knowing the day of the week on which falls the first day of January, in any year, you can tell on what day of the week the first day of each month in that year falls. When it is leap-year, you must add one day to the count for the months after February.

Example: The first of January, 1876, falls on Saturday—A. To

find on what day of the week falls the first day of November, 1876, you first find the initial letter of November, which is D(avid), the eleventh word in the above couplet. Now commence and count on your fingers, A (1), B (2), C (3), D (4). So the first of November falls on the fourth day after the day on which falls January 1st. Now count again: Saturday (1), Sunday (2), Monday (3), Tuesday (4); but 1876 being leap-year, and November following February, you add one, and thus find Wednesday, the first of November, 1876. Now take August, initial letter C(aleb): Count A (1), B (2), C (3); then count again, Saturday (1), Sunday (2), Monday (3), and add one for leap-year, and we have Tuesday, August 1. And so on for all the months. You will notice that the initial letter of February is also D(over), but not being affected by leap-year, the first day of that month falls on Tuesday; while the succeeding month, March, initial letter D(welt), being affected by leap-year, makes the first day Wednesday.
X.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you know this sentence, which reads the same backward and forward. If not, here it is: "Able was I ere I saw Elba."—Yours,
LULU.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you how much I like your last continued story, called "The Boy Emigrants." I like it very much, and am in a great hurry to get the rest of it to read. I like all the stories in the magazine very much, and hope you will keep on having such nice ones.—Yours affectionately,
AMY W. HERBERT.

Kingston, Ind.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a regular visitor at our house for a year, and you are always welcomed with delight. I think "The Boy Emigrants" is very amusing. I tried for the "prize puzzle," but did not succeed. Two years ago, just two days after my birthday, I had the second and third fingers of my right hand taken off. They were crushed and torn terribly in a reaping-machine, and had to be amputated.—Yours truly,
HENRY HAMILTON.

Rose Hill, Mahaska County, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a tortoise-shell cat, and she is a good one too. She had three little kittens; the Tommy cat killed two, and would have killed the other one, if I had not put it in the sitting-room on the lounge. My doll is at the head, and the kitten goes up and plays with its blue shoes. Our hired man found two little squirrels, and gave them to me. I fed them with milk at first, and then gave them to the old cat and watched her, to see if she would hurt them; but she fondled them as much as she did her kitten, and nurses them. The squirrels have got their eyes open now. They will hold bread in their paws and eat it; and will run all over my arms and into my sleeves.—Yours truly,
FANNIE M. JARVIS (aged 9).

San Francisco.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not long ago you described how to make a boat; but it was a flat-bottomed one. Now, can you not describe how to make a round-bottomed one; also a small yacht?—and oblige
A CONSTANT READER.

ST. NICHOLAS thinks that there are few boys who could make a serviceable or safe round-bottomed boat.

Yonkers, N. Y., April 23d, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I only began to take you this year, and I think you are splendid; but I wish you came oftener. My brother has a little donkey and carriage, and we enjoy riding in it very much. A great many little girls and myself are getting up a fair. It is to be held on the 25th of this month, and I think we shall enjoy it very much. Will you please make me a Bird-defender?—Yours truly,
SUSIE B. WARING.

Yonkers, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. I think the "Boy Emigrants" is the nicest story. I have a goat, and I am going to sell it, if I can, for \$20. We have a pond. Yesterday I found a duck's egg in the water. I am eleven years old. I have a donkey, and a cart, and I drive my sister to school and back.—Good by, from
JAMES A. WARING.

Boys and girls who write to ST. NICHOLAS and sign only their initials, must not expect their letters to receive attention. When we print letters, we often use only the initials of the writer, but the full name should be sent to the editor with the letter.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. THE witch was accused of — cattle through her — influence.
 2. Can you find a — orange on one of the —? 3. I think the Mexican's — was of —. 4. My horse appears to have a — pain in his —. 5. Those figures in colored — will — deeply into your —. 6. Was her — correct with regard to his —? 7. You cannot — the fact that he — all that is needful. 8. He perfectly — me about sending him some Egyptian —. 9. The — used was, that she sang like a —. 10. As he — the ancient —, the — danced in the sunlight. 11. He returns by one who — him now the — cup and the — I sent him, which, of course, — our former ties. 12. I cannot — the name on this —. RUTH.

REBUS.



ENIGMA.

HERE combine
 Letters nine,
 To name a city of our land,
 By Eastern breezes fanned.
 8, 7, 6, 9 has a wider fame,
 A higher and more ancient name,
 And boasts the 4, 5, 1, 9, 8 river,
 Which through it pours its waters ever.
 3, 5, 6, 2 a wider view
 May boast, and harder earthquakes too;
 But our good city, fair and bright
 In its own and strangers' sight,
 Where, in 6, 2, 8, 1, 3, 9,
 Tall, grateful piles uprising shine,
 Need envy none
 Beneath the sun.
 'T is a bustling, great 6, 2, 8, 4,
 Where many a 1, 2, 3, 9 goes,
 And as a river flows,
 Hastening by 1, 7, 2, 4,
 Or 8, 2, 5, 3, with loud roar,
 To find an entrance or an exit door.
 And now, without 6, 7, 8, 9,
 Declare by name this city fine.

OSWY.

REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail three times words having the following significations, and leave one of the United States.
 1. Things of little importance. 2. Shaped or modeled. 3. From end to end. 4. Attics. 5. One of the subdivisions of mute letters. 6. The scepter of God of the Sea. 7. More renowned or important.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in truth, but not in lie;
 My second is in heath, but not in sky;
 My third is in even, but not in night;
 My fourth is in clear, but not in white;
 My fifth is in eight, but not in two;
 My sixth is in toad, but not in gnu;
 My seventh is in stand, but not in lie;
 My eighth is in sell, but not in buy;
 My ninth is in Charles, but not in Bill;
 My tenth is in Bob, but not in Will;
 My eleventh is in goose, but not in whales;
 My twelfth is in Xerxes, but not in Phales.
 Read this right, and you will view
 Two things that are liked by you.

CYRIL DEANE.

WORD-SQUARE.

My first is a kind of solemn music. My second is to revere. My third is a girl's name. My fourth is sound. My fifth are both useful and ornamental.

L. B. H.

RIDDLE.

COLOR green am I, and lie
 Quiet in my garden-bed;
 Let me hit you as I fly,
 And I stain you color red.

Wood or iron, black or blue;
 I am musical or dumb;
 Many shapes; of every hue;
 But as hollow as a drum.

SOPHIE MAY.

EXCEPTIONS.

1. FROM the name of a certain kind of book except the middle letter and leave a mineral. 2. From a word of three letters except the second and leave a preposition. 3. Except the third letter from a garland and leave rage. 4. Except the middle letter from a native of a certain city in Europe and leave a color. 5. Except the third letter from the name of an animal and leave a pipe. 6. From the name of a favorite flower except the third letter and leave a female animal. 7. From an article of furniture except the middle letter and leave a story.

M. S.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

THREE merry boys, they built a —
 That looked a little like a —
 They manned it well, both fore and —
 Then started for a sail.

There came just then an evil —
 Near and more near the boat, when —
 He, splashing round their little —
 Upset it with his tail!

So he these merry boys did —
 Which was to them a bitter —
 Indeed they took it very —
 And thus at him did rail:

"O wicked one, who gave the —
 That laid our hopes and pleasures —
 A grudge to you we surely —
 But 't is of no avail:

"For spread around you is a —
 That holds you safe from every —
 You have no fear of mortal —
 And so we make our wail."

A. M.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



ANAGRAMS.

1. MAD traitors sin. 2. Green meats. 3. Nip nose. 4. Spice parent. 5. On, Snipe! 6. Re-gag Tom.

CYRIL DEANE.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

(Good Advice.)



DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

SWEET songs my first bring every year,
My second will two-celled appear;
My third is in the court-room sound,
And sometimes does my fourth all around.
'T were well if but my fifth might fall
With justice on the heads of all;
My sixth a trait to shun we hold,
My next in value is untold;
My eighth a workman is of skill,
My ninth will wait upon your will.

Diagonals from left to right,
A home for birds, secure and light.
When read from right to left, you'll find
An enviable state of mind.

J. P. B.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

To be read in four directions. 1. From left to right, downward and across, relating to the tides. 2. From right to left, downward and across, a dipper. 3. Centrals, downward, a command. 4. First line across, to sing; second line across, a man's name; third line across, a consonant; fourth line across, a meadow; fifth line across, a town in New Hampshire.

CYRIL DEANE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. An adjective whereby our relish is expressed.
2. Another, meaning graceful, stylish or well dressed.
3. A stately tree, of which the leaves are broad, the wood is white.
4. Deceitful phantom, fitful lights, oft followed in the night.
5. A term sometimes applied to Frenchy customs, words or deeds.
6. A poison slow on which the Oriental dreamer feeds.
7. A city of a government, close neighbor to our own.
8. A name connected with a cave formed of basaltic stone.
9. A very grateful shield from rain or from the sultry sun.
10. A word which means light-giving; now guess it every one.

In terminals you'll read the name
Of one, an ever-welcome guest.
In primals, too, with loud acclaim,
He's hailed by those who love him best.

HERVEY DARNEAL.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

ACROSS: 1. A vowel. 2. A large Australian bird. 3. The proclamation in a church of an intended marriage. 4. Ridiculed or treated with contempt. 5. First attempt or appearance. 6. Owed. 7. A consonant.

DOWN: 1. A consonant. 2. The channel of a river. 3. Having ears. 4. A conveyance. 5. Out of place, improper. 6. To place. 7. A consonant.

IVANHOE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Croquet, Boating.

C —o— B
R —ome— O
O —meg— A
Q —ui— T
U —r— I
E —ar— N
T —a— G

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Grace, race. 2. Price, rice. 3. Sold, old. 4. Easter, aster. 5. Bride, ride. 6. Table, able. 7. Where, here.

SQUARE-WORD.—

ARROW
REACH
RATHER
OCHER
WHERE

METAGRAM.—Bake, cake, hake, lake, make, rake, sake, take.

A LITTLE STORY.—Augusta, Salem, Fall River, Norfolk, Hartford, Washington, New Haven, Dover, Richmond, Toledo, Lowell, Little Rock, Brooklyn, Bangor, Indianapolis, Buffalo, Madison, Raleigh, Omaha, Mobile, Oswego, Portland, Cleveland, Frankfort, Springfield.

CHARADE.—Penitent.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—The Bird-defenders.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Washington.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.— R

HER
ROBIN
ROMULUS
BESET
RED
S

BEHEADED SYLLABLES.—1. Director, rector 2. Accurate, curate.
3. Administer, minister.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE —

COTTON
GINGER
NUTMEG
CHERRY
MANIOC
BANIAN

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Ivanhoe, Marmion.

I —nfor— M
V —ictori— A
A —i— R
N —y— M
H —ayt— I
O —li— O
E —nsig— N

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—Desolation: Sea, one, Don, slate, sled, net, onset, lane, old, sea, sale, nest, stone, oats, lion, ten.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER were received, previous to July 15, from Willie Dibblee, J. D. Early, "Jupiter, Juno and Apollo," Arthur B., Howard Steele Rogers, Gertrude Weller, Ernest W. Ford, Elsie Thalheimer, Isabelle B. E. Nichols, Fred Wright, Nettie A. Ives, Frieda E. Lippert, Helen Green and Beattie McLaren, Arthur W. Osborn, Nessie E. Stevens, Lizzie L. Green, "Flora," David P. Arnold, Jr., Nellie Emerson, Ora Dowty, "Golden Eagle," A. J. Lewis, "Mab," B. O'H., Agnes M. Hodges, "Miantinomi and Narragansett," Aline H. Merriam, Arthur Rogers, Minnie D. B., Eddie H. Eckel, "Roderick," Robert L. Groendycke, Amy Hodges, Mamie Baldwin, Katie T. Hughes, Iras and Bertha Wolfe, Lester Woodbridge, Brainerd P. Emery, Alice B. Moore, "Alex," Arnold Guyot, Cameron, C. W. Hornor, Jr., "Brazilian and Cuban Danse," H. B. Lathrop, Belle Evans, John R. Eldridge, Edith Lowry, Belle Gibson.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

VACATION is over, and school is in. Good. My chicks are rested now, and ready to enjoy themselves in new study. But there's plenty of play-time, I am thankful to say, during school-terms; the green fields don't turn white the moment the teacher's bell rings. Now, I'll tell you about

OBJECT CARDS.

OBJECT-CARDS are quite the fashion this season among the children of the red school-house. Do you know what they are, my chicks? Not being able to hear your answer distinctly at this distance, I must take the safe course and tell you. You simply fasten any interesting natural object on a card, and write under it, as well as you can, just what the object is. Sometimes you'll have to hunt up the name in a book, sometimes you'll get it from father, mother or friend, and oftener you'll know it yourself; for it is quite likely to be some object that you have been in the habit of seeing nearly every day of your life. One of the little girls sewed a spray of rye on one card, oats on another, wheat on another, barley on another, buckwheat on another, all picked and labeled by herself at various times, and you've no idea what a sensation they made. Little friends and big were glad enough to take up these cards and study out the exact differences between them. Many said they then noted the distinctive features of the various grains for the first time. A little boy who went to the sea-side brought home cards with many pretty shells gummed upon them, one or two shells to a card. He had to look in a work on conchology before he could name his specimens. His sister made a fine set of pressed-leaf cards—maple, oak, cherry, apple, sycamore, elm, beech, and so on, till she had over a hundred, representing as many

different kinds of tree. One boy had a set of butterfly-cards, another of beetles; but I did n't quite approve of them. One girl had sets of bark-cards, showing over thirty varieties of bark (she and the tree-leaf girl should go into partnership), and another had a set of pine-cone cards—bristling things that had to be kept in a roomy box. The cones were neatly sliced in half, lengthwise, and the flat side was glued to the card.

I cannot begin to tell you half of the styles of object-cards that the children of the red school-house have made, and still are making. The Little Schoolma'am read in the newspaper about a sort of progressive object-card that is used in some of the Belgian and Swedish schools. On one card is seen the flax-seed, the flax-blossom, the thread made of flax, and the woven linen. Others show the ore of a metal placed beside some finished article manufactured from the same. In fact, many branches of natural history and manufactures, as you see, can well be studied by making sets of object-cards. There is no danger either of making them too simple. The moment any natural object, however common, is looked at inquiringly, it becomes interesting.

Now, my chicks, take a hint from this. Enter our open-air school and begin to make object-cards. Report to your Jack whenever you have anything to tell about.

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM'S PICTURE.

Canaan, August 5th, 1876.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I think I have found the answer to your question on page 671 of the August St. NICHOLAS. It is Sir Humphrey Davy, an eminent chemist, who was born in England in 1778, and died at Geneva in 1829.

Among the most important results of his observations were the decomposition of the alkalis and earths, and the discovery of an entirely new class of metals. He also rendered a memorable service to chemistry by his papers on "Oxymuriatic Acid."

Hoping that this answer is correct, I remain your friend,

C. A. D.

The Little Schoolma'am thanks C. A. D. and all the other children who have sent answers to her question; but she wishes to call attention to an important omission in C. A. D.'s letter. Who can discover it?

PICKLES.

SHARP things, are n't they?—but children usually like them, I know. Now, how *do* you suppose they got their funny name? It's very queer, but I'll tell you how I found out. A droll-looking old fellow, one of those who are always digging out things,—from books, I mean,—sat down with a young lad in my woods the other day for a good long talk. I tell you, I kept my ears open to catch any scrap of wisdom he might let fall; for, since I've had such a big circle of listeners, I have to be on the watch, and I know those quiet-looking chaps, with rusty coat and spectacles, know a great deal.

Well, I heard him tell the lad that the first man who saked and preserved herrings, so as to keep them nicely, was named Beukelzoon (Dutch, of course, as anybody can see). This name was shortened to Beukel (sensibly, I'm sure). Now, you

ask some Dutchman to pronounce that name, and see how much it sounds like Pickle.

Any way, that's where the word came from,—so the wise man said.

OLD ABE, THE WAR EAGLE OF WISCONSIN.

WITH Jack's permission, my young friends, I have the pleasure of showing you a beautiful picture of "Old Abe, the War Eagle of Wisconsin." It was taken from life on purpose for ST. NICHOLAS, and I can certify that it is a good likeness of the grand old bird as he sits on his perch at the Centennial Exposition. Every boy and girl who goes to the great show at Philadelphia is anxious to get a sight of this famous bird. During the late war he went for three years with the Eighth Regiment



of Wisconsin Volunteers through the thickest of the fight, sharing in turn their hardships, dangers, and victories.

He belongs to the Wisconsin regiment still, and though they purchased him for only one bushel of corn, no amount of money can buy him now. He is named after Abraham Lincoln; and a Union soldier, who is very proud of his office, has the charge of him at the Exposition, where Northerners and Southerners alike admire his beauty and bravery.

A book which is sold at the Centennial tells his entire history, from the day on which the Indian "Chief Sky" found him, a baby eagle, in his nest,

to the present time, when he stands in martial dignity and fixes his piercing eyes upon the crowds that daily gather to do him honor.

Long live Old Abe, and may his end be peaceful!
SILAS GREEN.

THE TERMITES.

YOUR Jack wishes to thank Mary E. Moore, Charley W., D., Arthur Weston, William G., and others for their letters about the termites, in answer to the question in "Every One to his Taste," in the June ST. NICHOLAS. He would like to show you all of the notes, but these two must suffice:

Montrose, N. J., May 25.

DEAR JACK: The ants you asked about in the June number, in "Every One to his Taste," are termites, or white ants, a genus of insects of the order *neuroptera*, and of the family *termitidae*, or *termitina*. They live in great communities, chiefly in the tropical countries. The termites that make their nests on the ground make them in a conical shape, twelve feet, and even thirty feet high, in groups like a little village. These termites are used for food in Africa, and are said to be very good. The female is supposed to lay thirty-one millions of eggs in a year.—Yours truly,
GEORGE H. DALE.

San Luis Obispo, Cal.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I write to answer your question about the ants. They belong to the order *neuroptera*, "and are popularly but erroneously known by the name of white ants, because they live in vast colonies, and in many of their habits display a resemblance to the insect from which they take their name." Their proper name is termites. "One good quality is, however, attributable to the termites. The insect is eatable, and even by Europeans is pronounced to be peculiarly delicate and well-flavored, something like sweetened cream. The termites are prepared for the table by various methods, some persons pounding them so as to form a sort of soft paste, while others roast them like coffee beans or chestnuts" (Wood's Natural History). I could tell you a great deal more about them, as, besides the book I have quoted from, we have "Homes without Hands," by the same author; but as you only asked for the name, I fear even this is too much.—Yours,
GEORGIE HAYS.

TO BE LEARNED BY HEART.

HERE, my beloved, is something which your Jack sends you, to be learned by heart. It is one of those easy lessons for beginners that become very hard to master as time goes on:

"Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be rather your object than triumph. Value triumph only as the means of peace."

ABOUT THE MUD-FISH.

THIS letter came too late to be shown to you last month, but you shall have it now:

Day's Landing, Cal.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I think I can tell you something about that strange fish you mentioned in the July ST. NICHOLAS. It is not exactly a fish, though it has a fish-like form, covered with scales; but it has four little legs (that do not look very much like legs either), and it belongs to a class called *batrachia*, order *lepidota*. There are three species known; they are found in South America as well as in Africa. The South American species is called the mud-fish—*lepidosiren paradoxa*; the *lepidosiren annectens* is found in the river Gambia.

Hoping that this bit of information will be of some benefit to my ST. NICHOLAS cousins, I sign myself your sincere admirer,
MARTIE S. D.

Ella T. B. and Henry Finn also send descriptions of the mud-fish, and Georgie Hays, of California, sends a long and interesting account, from "Wood's Natural History."

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE THREE GIANTS.

THIS is a story that papa told us. He said I could write it out for the ST. NICHOLAS. If I do not tell it well enough, I wish the Little Schoolma'am would do it, for I think it is a good story.

Once there lived a giant. He was very big, and many hundred years old. He was a giant who was not contented unless he was fighting. When he was young he fought with a club; as he grew older, he had armor, a sword, and a lance. When guns came into use, he used them. He could handle a cannon as easily as we can a pocket-pistol.

He had two sons. The oldest was very ambitious and enterprising; the other was of a more quiet disposition. It was not the fashion among giants to let their children do as they chose when they were of age. They wanted to rule them as long as they lived. The ambitious giant did not like this; he wanted his own way, as is the case with most children. He could not run away, because he was so large. There was no place in the world in which he could hide where the old giant would not find him. He concluded he would have to fight it out. He tried to get his brother to join with him, but he would not. He fought a great many times. At last, the old giant got tired of it; he thought, this son made him so much trouble, he would let him go. This was about a hundred years ago. Since then he has grown very rich, and has done many wonderful things. Meanwhile, the other brother has been at work in a quiet way. He spends the most of his time working a farm, under the direction of his father.

Here papa asked us if we could guess who these giants were. He said the farm of the younger giant was not far away, while with the other we were still better acquainted. He is sometimes called Uncle —. Then Johnny guessed it was Uncle Sam, or the United States. Then I knew the other brother was Canada, and that the old giant was Old England. Then papa asked us which we thought would come out best at the end. We were patriotic enough to think the United States would. Papa said it depended much upon children like us. When we were older we should all help lead the giant many years.

A. S.

A HUNDRED YEARS.

ONE hundred years, oh now we see
The joyous fruits of liberty!
One hundred years, and now we stand
The people of a mighty land!
Our borders wide, from East to West,
Bear witness that the crucial test
Of freedom has not failed.

Our country's name is not unknown
In arctic climes and deserts lone;
By poets are our glories sung,
In strange as well as native tongue;
From many lands sad pilgrims come
To find in ours a rest and home,
And liberty to all.

And now a hundred years have passed,
We're yet unvanquished to the last;
Unconquered still, and still as brave
As when on land, on ocean's wave,
We fought for homes, for peace and love,
And, trusting in the God above,
Gained our glorious cause.

So then to celebrate our birth,
And show the peoples of the earth
The greatness of the mighty land
Where rule and love go hand in hand,
We ask them now to come and see
The country of the brave, the free,
In its centennial year.

We give our welcome unto all,
The rich, the poor, the great and small;
As well to nation of an hour
As unto royal pomp and power;
To silent poles and sunny lands,
Where Arabs fierce and pilgrim bands
Cross the deserts drear.

Come England, "merric" land of old,
Mother of kings and heroes bold;
Come Scotland, Wales, and Ireland too,
And see the people sprung from you;

And with you, France, whose tuneful name
Won from us all a lasting fame,
Through one, her honored son.

Welcome, Spain! let o'er the past a veil
Be thrown, and hushed be Cuba's wail.
Brave Prussia, dear old Fatherland,
We greet you with a clasping hand.
To you best wishes, fair Italian shore,
And to your Rome, of priestly lore
The center and the home.

And now, let all the world obey
The summons which we give to-day;
And in our own beloved States
Let all the struggles, strifes and hates,
Which have between the South and North
As hideous specters oft crept forth,
Be buried and forgot.

And so with cheered and trusting hearts,
We'll forward go and fill the parts
That raise our country higher still,
And show that courage, strength, and will
Alone can make us great and good,
And bowing not to shrines of wood,
But to our nation's God.

M. W., JR.

CAMPING OUT.

EARLY one September morning, father, my brother Hugh, a gentleman, and I set out to a little trout stream about eight miles distant. Father, Hugh, and I went in a spring wagon; Mr. Mac, the gentleman, on a horse. We soon got there. Father and Hugh set about fishing, while I unhitched and fed the horses and unloaded the wagon. Mr. Mac staid behind to shoot squirrels. I was soon ready to fish, so I took my rod and fished. I had fished about an hour and had not had a bite, and was not going to fish any more, when I was jerked into the water. But I jerked too, and I had a large trout nearly on land when my rod grew very light, and I looked. The trout, hook, line, and all were gone, I did not know where. By this time it was time to have some dinner, so I went and got it ready. We were all very hungry, and ate a good deal. Mr. Mac had shot some squirrels and wild pigeons, which we plucked and roasted on some sticks. It was now quite dark, so we went to bed—Hugh and I in the wagon, father and Mr. Mac on the ground near the fire. We were up with the sun, and ready to fish again; but one of our horses had got loose, and so I had to look for it. After a walk of about five miles, I found it eating some new-mown hay. I soon rode him back to camp, hitched him up, and we were soon on our way home. Our game amounted to fifty-two trout, six squirrels, and three wild pigeons.

F. M.

THE NAUGHTY TURKEY.

BY A VERY LITTLE GIRL.

ONCE upon a time, when the pigs were swine, and the turkeys chewed tobacco, there lived an old man, who kept turkeys and chickens and geese and ducks. One day, the old man, who lived in a cottage in the country, told his fowls he was going out for a long ride (for he kept a horse), and would probably be gone as long as a week. He gave the key of the house to the care of the largest of the turkeys, and told him to be sure and not lose it; also to keep the fowls in good order. The turkey promised, and the old man went away.

When he had gone, the turkey to whom so much care had been intrusted, strutted about the yard very proudly indeed. Said he:

"Now our master is gone, and I have the care of the place, I say let's have some fun."

"All right," said the other fowls, in chorus; "only what shall we begin with?"

"Well," said Sir Strut (that was the big turkey's name), "we will go into the house."

Accordingly, they went into the house, and did as follows: First, they found their way to the cupboard, where they got out some of the catables and had a feast. They next went upstairs and had some good games of play; they ran everywhere, turned everything topsyturvy, cackling and clucking at a great rate. When night came, they roosted on the backs of the chairs. After about five days, they had eaten up all the grain the old man had left for them. So they gathered together to discuss.

"Well," said Sir Strut (it was the day before the old man was to

return), "I have not thought of it before, but seems to me we will have an awful time to put the house in order again."

"Yes," said the fowls; and instead of trying to clear up the house as well as they could, they all commenced to sigh, and sighed that and the next day.

Suddenly, the old man arrived, much to the fowls' alarm. He asked the trembling Sir Strut for the key. He slowly drew it out from under his wing, and handed it to his master. The old man was surprised at the behavior of his fowls, but soon found out the cause of their alarm when he entered the house. He was right angry at Sir Strut for not behaving better, and for punishment put him in a large chest for an hour. When he was let out, he behaved better for the future, and the old man, with his turkeys and chickens and geese and ducks, lived in peace to the end of his days.

R. H. W.

THE HOMELESS CAT.

WHAT was that ran along by the eaves,
And hid itself in that darkened place;
That crouched so low, that ran so swift,
And looked so sad in its thin, black face?

His voice broke forth in a mournful plea,
As he crouched him away where none might see;
All day he hid in that lonesome place—
His scarred old form and his sad old face.

'T was the old black cat that has no home,
That hides and trembles till night has come,
And then he hunts in the hushed-up street,—
No sight, no sound, but his poor black feet.

There up and along the still, dark way
He hunts, and hurries all night till the day;
Sometimes in the cellars he catches a rat,
And sometimes he meets some other lost cat;

And sometimes he meets a family pet,
Whose form is lusty with morsels sweet.
Poor cat with the scars and the torn old ears,
No wonder he creeps, no wonder he fears!

Last night in the stables the hostler threw
A stone as he passed, and laughed at the mew,—
The wild, sad mew, as he slunk down the street,
In the cold and darkness, new foes to meet.

Oh, speak to him kindly, his eyes are so sad;
Don't scare him away, no food has he had;
He has n't a friend in the cold, dreary street,
But gets hissings and blows from all he may meet.

Under the house is his damp, chilly bed;
And no one will cry when the old cat is dead.
Then speak to him kindly, and help him, oh do!
The old cat is hungry. God made him and you. J. H.

THE LETTER-BOX.

MANY of our readers will sympathize with the fancies of D. E. M., who sends the Letter-Box

THE GAMES I LIKE.

I like a rousing game of ball,
No matter how base so it's played with a will;
I like "shinny," and marbles, and "getting a haul,"
And playing at soldier, if I lead the drill.

I like sending a kite far up out of sight,
Where only the man in the moon can see;
I like "pulling her in," with my whole main and might,
But I *don't* like to get her caught fast in a tree.

I like "tag" in all weathers, and "stumping" as well—
That is if the fellows are all of a size;
And jumping off hay-stacks (with no one to tell)—
That is if the pitchfork don't get in your eyes.

But better than marbles, kite, "shinny," or hay,
And better than drilling or stumping or ball,
I like a good rollicksome game of croquet,
When the girls who are playing are not very small.

I like leap-frog and hop-sotch—glorious fun!
Summer and winter, spring-time and fall;
And better than anything under the sun
Are skating and coasting—hurrah for them all!

Cohasset.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you about a little exhibition we girls got up a few months ago. We saw that piece entitled "Queer People" in the April number for 1876, and that, with some of the animals in the April number for 1875, music, and a few other tableaux, made quite a nice little exhibition.

We had ten cents admission, and made over six dollars. It went off very finely, and every one seemed to like it.

I like the ST. NICHOLAS better than any other magazine. G. T.

Daytona, Volusia Co., Florida.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: We live here on a peninsula half a mile wide, with Halifax River on one side and the Atlantic on the other. We are on the coast, opposite the head of St. John's River.

We go bathing sometimes, and hunting turtle-eggs, which are very funny soft-shelled things.

There are quantities of shells, corals, sea-anemones, star-fish, etc., on the beach. I have an aquarium just like the one described in the February ST. NICHOLAS, only I have crabs in mine. We have had a great many flowers blooming all winter out-doors. There have been but two frosts. Papa has a large orange grove, and in the season I have more than I can eat. There are wild groves too, all around, with sour fruit on all the time. We could well afford to "scrub our floors with oranges," as Jack tells about.—Yours lovingly,

CARRIE W. MITCHELL.

We are indebted to the courtesy of J. E. Davis, Esq., author of "The Annals of Windsor," for some of the illustrations to the present installment of "Windsor Castle."

Shady Side, Pittsburgh, Aug. 2d.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not believe I have ever seen a letter from Pittsburgh in the Letter-Box, but this will show you that there are children here who take and love you. We are always delighted when you come every month, and we take turns in reading and looking at you. I am studying French, and hope I shall soon be able to translate your stories in that language. I have been to the Centennial, and I believe I liked England's display in the Main Building best of all. I also liked that of France and Russia very much indeed.

Please put down my name, and the names of my two brothers, Kennedy and Samuel, as Bird-defenders.

LIZZIE B. MOORHEAD.

THE name of Laura Moss was unintentionally omitted from the Roll of Honor in Deacon Green's report on the Declarations of Independence, published in the August number.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have enjoyed you very much, and I say that you are the best boys' and girls' magazine out. I like the Jack Hazard stories and "The Boy Emigrants" best, and I say that if the boys and girls have lost Andersen, they need not fret if they have two such writers as Noah Brooks and J. T. Trowbridge, who write such excellent stories that one never tires of reading them.

CHARLES S. RICHÉ.

THE following letters seem to show that, though the birds destroy great numbers of insects, the victory is not always on their side. A wasp or a bee is a very different kind of prey from a fly, and altogether too formidable an enemy for a small singing-bird to engage with. But it even appears from these cases that the insects are sometimes the attacking party.

Cold Spring.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday our bird was hung out on the stoop, and was singing away, when all of a sudden he stopped and began to beat his head against the wires. We took him down and found that a wasp had stung him on the top of the head. After we had put water on his head, he began to get better, but may not live. —Yours truly,

W. L. M.

Mandeville.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and I dearly love your magazine. I want to tell you about a little humming-bird that was stung to death by a bee. I was out in the garden one evening, when I heard a buzzing in the honeysuckle vine, and went to see what was the matter, when I saw a tiny little humming-bird on a branch, and a large bee buzzing angrily around it. I frightened the bee away, and took the bird into the house, where I saw it had been stung by the bee. I tried to revive it, but it only struggled a few minutes and then died.—Wishing long life to ST. NICHOLAS, yours truly,

DOLLY W. K.

CHILDREN'S CHAIRS ONE CENTURY AGO.

New York, July 6, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please show the children these Centennial chairs, which Miss Donlevy has drawn for me "from life." They were made for two little folks (brother and sister) just one hundred years ago, and have been in the same house ever since—an old stone cottage still standing in Rockland County, New York. Both chairs are made of oak; they have never been varnished or painted; and they are stanch and strong to this day. Children one hundred



years ago, you see, knew nothing about spring seats or fancy rockers. A good strong straight-backed affair was all they wanted.

On last New Year's Eve, two dear great-grandchildren sat in these chairs before a log-fire in the wide old-fashioned chimney-place, while fifty of their aunts, uncles, and cousins told with delight how they too had enjoyed the same chairs in their childhood.—Yours very truly,
GRANDMOTHER.

Newark, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to describe to you the birds in our neighborhood. The principal birds around here are the cat-bird, robin, chippy, wren, crow, hawk, quail, humming-bird, thrush, blue-bird, swallow, black-bird, and wild duck.

The cat-bird is of a dark gray color, and destroys a great many cherries.

The robin is a very beautiful bird; the color of his back is mottled, while that of his breast is a dull red. He is a little larger than the cat-bird.

The chippy is a very small bird, of a sort of mottled gray and black. It lays eggs speckled brown and white.

The wren is considerably smaller than the chippy, and very nearly the same color.

The crow is a large bird, with feathers of a glossy jet black. You can usually spy him in some distant corn-field, which he delights to visit.

The hawk is still larger than the crow, often measuring three feet from wing to wing. We have a pair of wings measuring three feet six inches. There are two kinds of hawks around here. The first is the chicken-hawk, who lives altogether on chickens, pigeons, etc.

The other is the fish-hawk, whose name tells you what he preys upon. The quail is a bird very much hunted, but nature has provided him with a good pair of legs, that he can use to advantage; and often when he is badly wounded in the wing, he can escape by means of his running powers. He is of a brown color, and not very large.

The humming-bird is the smallest bird I know of. He is usually seen around trumpet-creepers and sweet flowers. He can be shot only with water, as the smallest shot tear him to pieces.

The thrush is about the size of a robin, but of a brown color.

The blue-bird is the first of the spring. His name tells you his hue. He is a little smaller than the cat-bird.

The swallow builds his nest in chimneys and corners of barns. His back is black, while his breast is white.

The black-bird lives in marshy places. The female bird is black all over, and the male has a white breast.

The wild-duck also resides in marshy places. He is about the size of the crow, with a very long neck. His color is gray.

Yours truly,

D. H.

J. P. B., whose initials are pleasantly familiar to readers of the Riddle-Box, sends that department a *very* ingenious "Quadruple Acrostic." It is quite hard to solve, however, as puzzles of equal merit usually are, and so we have concluded to print both acrostic and answer here. By this means, too, the excellence of the puzzle will be seen at once, and more clearly than if it were printed in the customary manner and the answer held over for a month.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

(Fill two blanks in succession with words having the same initial and final.)

My initials "one" and finals "two" being reckoned,
My first to all will call to mind my second;
And both the present year will oft be spoken,
As each of patriotism may stand a token.

Easy as for the chattering — to —
Is it, in this famed — words to draw
In praise of my —; both its first,
As well as finals, proving — that burst
From lips as glibly as one asks the —.
To credit me I'm sure none will refuse,
When I assert my finals loved the —
(Even as the — loves music) from his youth.
His was a zeal no — could forestall;
Nor, for defeat, like — would he fall.
No — to hide at — the power that burned,
— the foe, when — help, we turned
And, seeking —, found deliverance from strife.
No — secured our nation's life.
Without — he struck the mighty blow,
From which my first results—one hundred years —;
Letting a nation on his prowess —,
— in heart, though like a lamb in mien.

ANSWER.

CENTENNIAL, WASHINGTON.

C —ro— W	C —a— W
E —r— A	E —nigm— A
N —ame— S	N —cw— S
T —rut— H	T —hrus— H
E —nnu— I	E —l— I
N —u— N	N —oo— N
N —earin— G	N —eedin— G
I — — T	I —mpoten— T
A —d— O	A —g— O
L —ca— N	L —io— N

Logansport, July 18th, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am only a little girl, but mamma says your magazine is published for little children, and I want to tell you all about little Dick. Dick was my canary-bird, and yesterday morning the cat caught him, and last night mamma found him dead in his cage. I cried when the cat hurt him, and last night I cried myself to sleep. This morning we put him in a little box, lined with pink merino, and we trimmed it with geranium leaves and white verbenas. Then we dug a little grave and put him in. Mamma helped me plant the flowers on it. Papa says, "Don't cry, little daughter; you shall have another bird." But the new one won't be Dick.

I have no little sister, only a little brother, and we have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for a long, long while. It belongs to Hadie, and the *Youth's Companion* belongs to me. I spoke "The Dead Doll" at the closing of school, and we lent our books to all our little friends. Mamma is going to have them bound for us. We buy them at the book-store, and Hadie is going to get up a club for the next year. I want you to write me a little verse about my dead bird, then I can always have it.

From one of your little readers,

MAMIE RHOADES.

Princeton, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to ask you two things. Will you please answer them in the Letter-Box?

Now for the first question. How can I clean dirty coins so that I can read them, and keep gold and silver coins clean? As I have a collection of about five hundred coins, it is quite important to know how to have them nice and clean and legible.

And also this—Can a Bird-defender have a canary? I have a canary, and yet am a Bird-defender. But a lady sent it to me as a present, and of course I could not refuse it. And if I let it go free in the open air, it will perish on account of the climate. So don't you think I am justifiable in keeping him? But I am afraid I am writing too much, so good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.—I remain, yours truly,
A. G. CAMERON.

To clean tarnished gold, silver, and copper coins, procure a box of "electro silicon" at a grocer's, and mix a small quantity of the powder with alcohol so as to make a thin paste. Rub the coins with a brush dipped in this, precisely as in cleaning silver with whiting, and then wash in warm soap-suds, and lastly in clean water. Rub the coins dry with chamois-skin to finish the work. Any ordinary stains may be readily removed by this process.

A Bird-defender can keep a canary.

THE following story was sent by A. E. M., and was written by her little brother just six years old:

A roaring bull went up in a tree, and a man after him, and a mad dog after the man. Then the bull jumped down and tossed the man and the mad dog in the air. Then he ran home. When the man came down, he ran away, and the dog ran in front of the man, and the man tripped over him and fell in a river, and a great big whale eated him all up.

Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I know a boy who says that, as roosters are fowls and not birds, it is not wrong to make them fight. I think it is both wrong and cruel. Please give me your opinion on the subject. I hope, when he hears your decision, he will be convinced and become a Bird-defender.—Very truly yours,
A LITTLE GIRL.

"Roosters" are fowls, and fowls are birds, and that boy ought to know better.

AFTER the pages of Jack-in-the-Pulpit for this month were in type, we received word from the Little Schoolma'am begging us to say that the "important omission" to which your attention is called on p. 798 does not occur in all of the many notes containing answers to her queries on p. 671 of the August number. The following boys and girls gave the "missing item" in full: Allie Bertram, J. Johnson, James N. Benton, Robert L. Groendycke, "Bob White," Jennie Louise Bird, Alfred E. Forstall, Fannie Ford, M. M. Hoppin, Carroll E. Edson, Walter E. Fish, "Scientific," A. G. Cameron, Willie Haydon, E. A. Law, Humphreys Kortrecht, Lena J. Moore, Louise P. Russell, Phoebe Loving, Henry H. Hussa, Charles H. Hull, A. B. Ropes, Milfred R. B., Alfred A. Whitman, J. J. Lawrence, Frank E. Davis, Charlie Dale, Hiram Hathaway, Jr., and Charles M. Morris.

H. M. D. wishes ST. NICHOLAS to tell the boys and girls of a delightful book which he has just been reading—"The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sydney," published by J. B. Ford & Co., New York. He says it is so very entertaining, and so clearly written, that "you think you are only having a good time when in reality you are learning history."

Having personal knowledge of this little work, we very gladly indorse H. M. D.'s opinion. A study of the character of Sir Philip Sydney will show boys what is most worthy of emulation, and girls what to look for in their boy friends. You cannot follow Sir Philip in every way, but you can be good and brave and courtly to-day, boys, as well as if you were living in the times of Queen Elizabeth.

MANY of our big boys and girls will have a treat in reading an excellent volume of stories lately issued by Roberts Brothers. It is written by Susan Coolidge, who, as you all know, is a frequent contributor to ST. NICHOLAS; and though its title is "For Summer Afternoons," it is just as good for October as for June. Susan Coolidge does n't know how to be dull. Her books are as fresh and bracing as the air of her own New England hills.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded and curtailed.

1. The engineer made a — of the ship, and the poet wrote an — the same day.
2. These — are — for our purpose.
3. He showed much — to the needs of others when he forced the beggar from his —.
4. The — came too — to do his work to-day.
5. Upon this — there are many works of —.
6. How — you are to know my —.

CYRIL DEANE.

A HIDDEN TOUR.

Fragments from a School-girl's Diary.

EACH complete sentence includes the name of a city, or town, or river, or country in Europe.

1. When we landed, H. flourished his sabre, mended for the occasion.
2. This city is more apt to be slighted than over-estimated.
3. Here we heard music of which each motivo lingers in the memory.
4. Here we bought sandwiches of ham most curiously flavored.
5. Here we met our uncle, unexpectedly, on stepping from the cars.
6. Is where we all caught severe catarrh in endeavoring to lose none of the prospect.
7. A hasty glance at the "phrase book," and then said Henrico: "L'ogneyun serry mantenong de bong—ch—smell!"
8. Here Maria bought yards of ribbon, not to mention gloves and handkerchiefs.
9. As we approached this place, the cleverness of our courier Jacob lent zest to all our enjoyment.
10. We met here a lady.

of rank, fortune, and most fascinating appearance. 11. We here found that, as we were entirely dependent on our "mann," he imposed upon us sometimes. 12. Here, for two days, H. carried a sick robin, gently tucked into a basket. 13. Here everything bad enjoys perfect immunity. 14. This place provoked the following original remark from Jones: "Tut! gardens are no great novelty." 15. Near this place, after a collision, we heard a Scotchman murmur: "Mun I cheange cars anny mair?" 16. Here all of us "wished to live to be ninety," rollicking party that we were! 17. To this place we went over on a special train. 18. Here all who visit have nice times. 19. Here we saw a gentleman of the P. R., a guest whose company was not an agreeable acquisition. 20. Here we heard this from a French tourist: "I vill zee Londres, den ze rest of ze Vest End!" 21. Here we had often to recall that the German verb to live is "leben." 22. Here we enjoyed a tournament of wit, ten burghers vociferating at once. 23. Here we saw a splendid review,—cavalry without number, lines of infantry,—all the departments in perfect condition. GUNMIDGE.

EASY METAGRAM.

(BY A VERY LITTLE GIRL.)

CHANGE initial letter of a girl's name, and find a time; again, and find a word meaning destiny; again, and find an entrance; again, and find an emotion that you should avoid; again, change initial letter, and find something which we all should dislike dear ST. NICHOLAS to be.
LIZZIE KIERNAN.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

FIRST diamond: 1. In a store. 2. A card. 3. To frighten. 4. A time. 5. In a museum.
 Second diamond: 1. In a circus. 2. Before. 3. Common birds. 4. An animal. 5. In a dwelling-house.
 Centrals connected: Ugly things sometimes found in fields.

C. D.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A PRECIOUS stone. 2. An evergreen tree. 3. A girl's name. 4. A heavy metal.

ISOLA.

RIDDLE.



AN interjection; vowel sound;
 Another exclamation;
 A game of cards; verb; relative;
 A ruler of a nation;
 And, lying snug within them all,
 A little preposition
 That's never out when lawyers read
 A learned deposition.
 These eight I find within a word,
 Not moving e'en a letter;
 Though using each oft as I please,
 To make my riddle better.

So, in the next, I find a sound
 That oft leads to the right, sir;
 Followed by that which to the heart
 Of lover gives delight, sir.
 And then a little adverb, quite
 As harmless as a daisy;
 Besides, an animal which oft
 Is stupid deemed, and lazy.

Now put the two down side by side,
 Without a shade of mixture;
 You'll find a something brought to mind
 Quite clearly in this picture.

JOEL S.

CONSONANT PUZZLE.

INTERPERSE consonants in the following line of vowels (without disarranging the order of the vowels), so that nine States and one Territory will appear:

E E E E E A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A U E O A O I A I I I I I I I A.

F. N. C.

ABBREVIATIONS.

1. BEHEAD and curtail a plaintive poem, and leave a part of the body. 2. Behead and curtail a small fruit, and leave a quick, smart blow. 3. Behead and curtail a precious stone, and leave a domestic animal. 4. Behead and curtail a coniferous tree, and leave a part of a circle. 5. Behead and curtail a Turkish officer, and leave a forest tree. 6. Behead and curtail a bird used for food, and leave a pinch with the nails or teeth. 7. Behead and curtail a motive power, and leave a beverage. 8. Behead and curtail a color, and leave a resinous substance. 9. Behead and curtail a small animal, and leave a number. 10. Behead and curtail a large basket or hamper, and leave a small animal.

ISOLA.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

WHY, what a very strange —
 To offer stews at such —
 Of course each one may have his —
 But rather than eat meat and —
 Which costs so much, I'd live on —.

X.

EASY ENIGMAS.

I.—EIGHT LETTERS.

A BOY held a 5, 6, 7, 8 close to the eyes of my whole, to 5, 4, 2, 8 at him better, and laughed to see him 3, 2, 1 and 1, 5, 6, 7, 8.

II.—ELEVEN LETTERS.

YOU find my whole in the 1, 11, 3, 5, 4. He keeps a 4, 6, 3, 11, 9 lookout, and when he 6, 10, 3, 2, 5 the least noise 6, 7, 9, 4 quickly beyond your 1, 11, 3, 5, 8.

J. P. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals give the names of two places where battles were fought during the Revolutionary war.

1. An Indian chief. 2. A mythological ship. 3. A singing bird.
 4. A part of the body. 5. A garden vegetable. 6. A kind of brass.
 7. A domestic animal. 8. A forest tree.

ISOLA.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. Frozen water. 3. Is used to propel vessels.
 4. A reptile. 5. A consonant.

H. E.

PUZZLE.

THERE is a word of seven letters which signifies to be worthy of distinction. If it be divided (without transposition of letters) into two words of two and five letters respectively, they signify a want of a household convenience and ornament. If divided into words of three and four letters respectively, they signify incapacity.

L. W. H.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in ice, but not in snow;
 My second is in ash, but not in pine;
 My third is in sail, but not in row;
 My fourth is in drink, but not in wine;
 My fifth is in evil, but not in wrong;
 My sixth is in like, but not in same;
 My seventh is in tune, but not in song;
 My whole is a very pretty name.

A. B.

SYNCOPIATIONS.

1. SYNCOPE a tropical plant, and leave a beverage. 2. Syncope a relative, and leave an insect. 3. Syncope a fish, and leave a covering for the head. 4. Syncope an article of clothing, and leave an animal. 5. Syncope an animal, and leave a dwelling. 6. Syncope a metal, and leave a boy. 7. Syncope an excuse, and leave a vegetable. 8. Syncope a plant, and leave a color. 9. Syncope a flower, and leave an animal. 10. Syncope a ponderous volume, and leave a part of the body.

ISOLA.

EASY CHARADE.

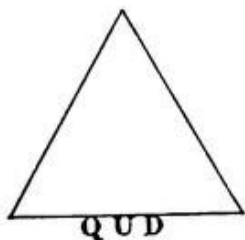
I AM a word of three syllables. My first and second united form a kitchen utensil. My third is a toy, and is used in the army. My whole is a fashionable entertainment.

E. P.

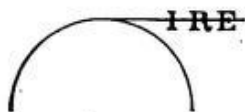
GEOMETRICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

A NEW PUZZLE FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS.

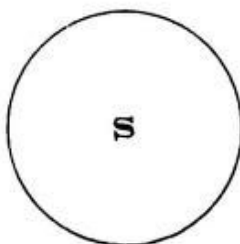
(Transpose what is expressed by each figure into a single word which will answer to the definition given beneath the figure. Thus: the first figure represents "triangle on Q U D," which can be transposed into "grandiloquent.")



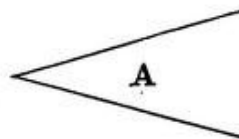
Pompous.



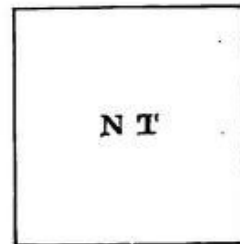
Diverting.



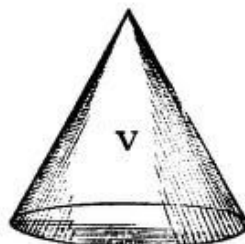
Pertaining to the circus.



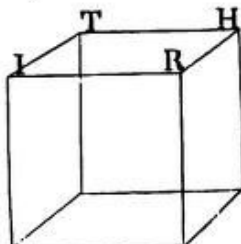
A girl's name.



Waiting-times.



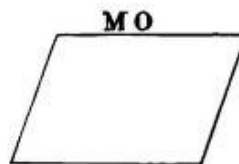
To feign ignorance.



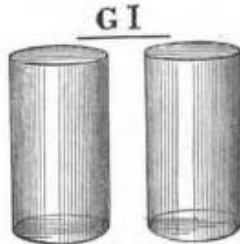
An historic river.



Illiberality.



An irregular crystal.



With deliberation.

J. P. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Laming, malign. 2. Stray, trays. 3. Abode, adobe. 4. Keen, knee. 5. Inks, sink, skin. 6. Statement, testament. 7. Disprove, provides. 8. Beset, beats. 9. Phrase, seraph. 10. Smote, tomes, notes. 11. Serves, Sevres, verses, severs. 12. Trace, crate. REBUS.—"Man looks before and after, and sighs for what is not." ENIGMA.—Baltimore. REMAINDERS.—Florida

Tri—F—les
Mo—L—ded
Thr—O—ugh
Gar—R—ets
Lab—I—als
Tri—D—ent
Gre—A—ter

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—The Letter-Box, The Riddle-Box.

WORD-SQUARE.—

CHANT
HONOR
ANNIE
NOISE
TREES

RIDDLE.—Box.

EXCEPTIONS.—1. Album, alum. 2. Boy, by. 3. Wreath, wrath. 4. Roman, roan. 5. Horse, hose. 6. Rose, roc. 7. Table, tale.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Bird's nest, Satisfied.

BLUE BIRDS
BILOCULAR
BARRISTER
HOODWINKS
BLESSINGS
BLUFFNESS
PRICELESS
MECHANIST
DEPENDENT

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Craft, raft, aft. Shark, hark, ark. Spill, pill, ill. Blow, low, ow(e). Charm, harm, arm.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.—Forewarned, forearmed.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Administrators. 2. Agreements. 3. Pension. 4. Apprentice. 5. Pension. 6. Mortgage.

PICTURE PUZZLE.—"Owe nothing, be behindhand in nothing, and be on time."

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.—Tidal, Ladle, Order.

TROLL
IRA
D
LEA
ERROL

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Delightful St. Nicholas.

D—eliciou—S
E—legan—T
L—inde—N
I—gnis Fatu—I
G—ali—C
H—ashees—H
T—oront—O
F—inga—L
U—mbrell—A
L—uminou—S

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

O
EMU
BANNIS
DERIDED
DEBUT
DUE
S

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, previous to August 18, from Emil P. Albrecht, Allie Bertram, Laura Hannabery, Eddie M. Semple, "Ella and Edith," "Bob White," Ellen M. Field, Harry K. White, Emma Elliott, "Zerlina and Zitella," Mamie A. Rich, John F. Haseltine, Lulu Howes, Arthur D. Smith, A. Carter, Nettie Hall, Anna P. Warren, J. M. Paton, Jeannie Sprunt, Mary H. Wilson, "Ardent Admirer," George B. Van Volkenburgh, Virginia Davage, "Alex," Edward Roome, Fred Eastman, Ella Grigg, D. L. Lodge, Mary I. Ellis, Marion J. Ellis, Albert E. Hoyt, Lucy S. Schwab, "Cousin Willie," Louise Hinsdale, Jenny R. Miller, Anna Laura Buckingham, B. B. Ross, Jr., John B. Greiner, Nessie E. Stevens, "Apollo," Louis M. Ogden, Marie Emery, Lottie Warbasse, "Violet," Helena M. D., Arnold Guyot Cameron, Walter Raymond Spalding, Therese Mosenthal, Carrie V. Douglas, Delavan W. Gee, Bessie G. Le Moyne, Louis Cope Washburn, Carrie Mitchell, Alfred R. Mitchell, Brainerd P. Emery, Willie F. Abbett, Moll Pitcher, Fannie H. Ford, Howard Steel Rodgers, Willie Dibblee, Eddie Devinne, Robert L. Groendycke, Jerusha M. Coult, E. L. Shays, "Grace and Allie," Addie L. Rondenbush, Adelaide, A. Pronty, Fanny F. Gardner, Lucy Aller Paton, "Juno," Lulu Way, Florence Brewer and Sadie Hamilton.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A NEW year begins for us this month, my chicks, and we'll greet it heartily, wishing it joy and usefulness and profit. According to the Little Schoolma'am, there are calendar years and solar years, and I don't know how many other kinds; but your ST. NICHOLAS year is a thing by itself. It begins when the forests are shaking down their red and yellow leaves and the children's hearts are beginning to stir with the coming Christmas,—in the grand old November when the winds start a wonderful serial story, "to be continued next month."

Talking of serial stories, I'm told, though I hardly can credit the wonderful news, that Mr. Trowbridge—"Jack Hazard" Trowbridge, "Young Surveyor" Trowbridge—is to give you a great long one this year, full of adventure, called

HIS OWN MASTER.

So look out for it, my chicks. Deacon Green says the name is enough in itself—and he means to read every word of it.

Now you shall hear about

A BALLOON INVENTOR.

NOT Montgolfier, nor any other man, invented this balloon; but a tiny insect which makes no noise in the world. A friend of mine watched her at work making a balloon, then saw her take her children and begin a journey in it. She was a mother spider, whose family name I do not know.

Apparently she had become tired of her old home and wanted to move elsewhere. So she spun a little gossamer balloon, shaped somewhat like one of the natural divisions of a walnut-shuck. As it grew in size it would have floated away without her had she not fastened it by ropes of gossamer to the branch of a tree.

By and by, when all was done, she seemed to

be saying something to the cluster of tiny baby spiders that were clinging to her, probably assuring them that there was no danger. Then she again examined her balloon, to make sure that all was right, and then broke off the gossamer rope. The little balloon gently rose before the breeze. My friend wished the skillful maker and bold navigator of the air a successful voyage, as she sailed out of sight, and he never saw her more.

FLOATING GARDENS

IN the beautiful valley of Cashmere, among the Himalayan Mountains, lies a lovely lake called Dal. Floating about on its surface, sometimes carried by the winds from one end of the lake to the other, are numerous small islands, on which grow the fairest cucumbers and the most luscious melons known. The way in which these floating gardens are made is very curious. All about the main shores of the lake grow quantities of reeds, sedges and water-lilies. When these grow very thickly together, people cut them from the roots which hold them near the shore. The leaves of the plants are then spread out over the stems, making a sort of trestle-work to support the soil with which it is next to be covered. After this has been done, the seeds are planted and the floating garden is left to care for itself until the fruits are ready for picking.

COSTLY CLOTHES.

THE children in my part of the world come out now and then with beautiful new dresses. I used to think such things grew in houses just as flowers grow on bushes, but I know better now, and I've been told what they cost too. Yes, and I heard the Little Schoolma'am reading out of a book, that in the time of James the First (of course you know who *he* was; I did n't once) gentlemen wore suits of clothes that cost from one hundred thousand, to four hundred thousand dollars. The best way to get a good idea of this sum is to imagine every dollar a daisy, and then scatter them, in thought, over a field. One that was mentioned was made of white velvet embroidered with diamonds; and another of purple satin, embroidered with pearls. Ladies' gowns to match these were embroidered, and cost two hundred and fifty dollars a yard. The fashionable embroidery was a border of animals, filled in with spiders, worms, rainbows, fountains, and other dainty designs. Lovely, was n't it? I fancy ladies were n't so afraid of a "horrid bug" in those days as they are now.

EATING NAILS.

YOU don't eat nails? Well now, what do you call those round headed, little black things that you sometimes nibble so contentedly? Cloves? Clove, according to the Little Schoolma'am, came from a French word that means a nail; and they do look like a small nail, you must admit. By the way, do you know the very cloves you ate last were pretty pink flower-buds when they were picked in tropical regions, and dried in the sun? They were never allowed to blossom, poor things!

THE PET OF THE REGIMENT.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: As your children had a picture of "Old Abe, the Wisconsin War-Eagle," last month, it occurs to me that it would be well to show them the portrait of another regiment pet. Here he is, a superb creature, and well worthy of the kindness and favor shown him. He belonged to the Forty-second Highlanders (a British company), and he always marched in front of their band. His quick, sensitive ears generally

reared her back at him, and, seized with a strange terror, he jumped over a precipice and was killed.

Yours truly, SILAS GREEN.

SNAKES WITH SPECTACLES!

PERHAPS all snakes do not wear them, but that some kinds do I can testify. You know that snakes spend their lives crawling about among brush-wood and thorns, and it is essential that their eyes should be protected in some way. So kind nature has

given them strong spectacles made of horn, as clear and transparent as the best of eye-glasses. I have myself seen a pair.

You must know that at certain periods a snake casts off the skin which has served him for a coat until he has outgrown it, and makes his appearance in a brand-new suit. This morning I had a good chance to examine the cast-off coat of a snake which was left very near me, and attached to it I saw a pair of the spectacles such as I have described. So I suppose his snakeship has a new pair with every new coat.

Can you tell me anything more about these spectacles?

TIP TOP SHOES.

COPPER toes? Oh, no! These are new affairs. The shoes I allude to are very old-fashioned—time of Queen Bess (how long ago was that?). They were a sort of clog or slipper, worn under the common

shoe to set ladies up in the world. They were half a yard high sometimes, and were made of wood, painted and gilded. In Venice, where everybody wore them, the greatest lady wore the highest chopine, as these tip-top shoes are called.

How awkward they must have looked, walking about on such clumsy things. I am glad the Little Schoolma'am does n't wear them, if only for the daisies' sake.



THE PET OF THE REGIMENT ON THE MARCH.

would twitch at the slightest sound, and yet he could bear unmoved the din of his dear regiment's drums and trumpets. Indeed, so proud was he of this band, that he would become very angry if, during a parade, a stranger attempted to pass between it and the main body of the regiment. He was a brave, daring fellow in some respects, and yet, strange to say, he at last was driven to his death by fright. One day, an angry cat suddenly

DICKON HAS A BOAT.

Words by "ALBA."

Music by F. BOOTT.

♩ Allegro Moderato.

1. Dick - on has a boat That will sail, that will sail; A Dick - on has a boat, yo,
2. way o'er the seas We will glide, we will glide; A - way on o'er the seas, yo,

mf

ho! yo, ho! And light - ly she will float In the gale, the gale; Light - ly she will
ho! yo, ho! Borne swift - ly by the breeze And the tide, the tide; Borne swift - ly by the

cres.

f rall. float, yo, ho! yo, ho! yo, ho! *Fine.* Her sides they are made of the good pine - wood, Her
breeze, yo, ho! yo, ho! yo, ho! She curt - sies and dips as she dain - ti - ly skims, The
Her helm it is true to the steere - man's hand, And the

f col canto. *mf* *a tempo.* *mf*

sails of white lin - en fine; She broad - ens at the beam as a good ship
wave like a belle at a ball; She's full of ca - pri - ces, and fan - cies and
foam ris - es white in her track, As she bounds to dis - cov - er some gold - en

D. S. al Fine.
should, And the nar - rows at the prow to a line. A - way, &c.
whims As the sau - ci - est flirt of them all. A - way, &c.
land, And bring all its bright treas - ures back. Dick - on, &c.

for a package of
a poet of one letter
and one glass of
the gelatine in



YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

LETTER FROM WINKIE WEST.

Moreland, Oct. 12, 1875.

CHIPPY, old boy, it seems to me that I never had such fun in all my life as I had last summer. It was at a place called Woodbury. You won't find it on any map, I guess; but that is the real name. When school was out in June, we staid about home for a week or two, and then a letter came from Uncle Jacob and Aunt Hannah, asking us if we didn't want to come and stay the rest of the summer on the farm. We got the letter about dinner-time; but I wasn't hungry after that. Mother wouldn't let me go and tell Walt about it until after dinner. We didn't have anything extra; but it did take them the longest time to get through.

Well, you can bet that Walt was glad when I told him, and we began to get ready at once. Walt's old rifle had to be got down and cleaned; then we had to lay in some powder and shot. I had to get me a new pocket-knife, and then there was a lot of other things we got ready, which I have forgotten now.

It took us two days and one night to get there. We were both of us pretty tired and both of us pretty dirty at the end of that second day. Tom was at the depot with the horses when we reached Woodbury, and after a drive of a mile we stopped at the front door.

There, on the steps, stood Uncle Jacob, and Aunt Hannah, and Aunt Mary, and Cousin Libby, and Sarah, and Hannah; and Walt and I had to kiss all of 'em. Mother said we must when we came away from home. I guess it wasn't very nice for them, with our faces covered with dust and cinders.

I don't think this house is a hundred years old; but it ought to be, it's such a good one. It is n't painted, and it was n't built all at once. When Uncle Jacob came here to live, they built the low part. There's where the dining-room is now. It's a splendid room, I can tell you. You'd think so if you could have some of the good things to eat we have in there three times a day. What would you say, Chippy, if you could pass your saucer the third time for apple-sauce, and have it heaped the last time, without having them tell you not to ask for any more?

There are two lounges, one in the dining-room and one in the hall—and it's a splendid long wide hall, with a door at each end. Did you ever see a door that opened half at a time—the upper half, and then the lower? That's the way they are here. Well, after breakfast, and dinner, and supper, Walt and I lie down on the lounge. I spoke first for the one in the hall; so that is mine. The pillow is a great deal softer. I don't know why we lie down always then. Tom says it's because we have been working hard; but that's some of his fun, because we don't work at all. All we do is to have fun.

There's a boy here that we call Smutty. Walt named him. He'll do anything you tell him if it is for fun. He would go in swimming a hundred times a day, if Walt and I would go in with him, but he don't like to bring in wood.

Nobody has to churn out here. It's the dog. There's a big wheel hitched to another wheel, and then there's a crank; so when the dog walks, the dasher goes just as it does when anybody churns up and down. I can see him churn every day. I'm glad I aint Uncle Jacob's dog.

There is a big brook runs down through the valley, and Tom and Uncle Jacob have fixed a place so all the water runs through a box with holes in it. That's for catching eels. You ought to have seen what a whopper we caught the other morning! I had two big pieces at breakfast; and it was good, I can tell you. I like eels.

Walt and I made a water-wheel, and you should see how it goes! The water comes rushing down through the holes into a trough we made for it, and when it leaves the trough it gives one good jump for our wheel. Doesn't it whirl though! After we finished that, we got a little trip-hammer to work; and, quite a little ways off, you can hear it go—rap-rap-rap!

The day we finished the trip-hammer, we had a good time. It was about ten o'clock, and we got hungry. Walt said he was hungry first, and that made me feel so, and I said I was. Then Walt said: "Let's tell Smutty to tell Aunt Hannah we want something to eat." Then I said, "Let's." So Walt hollered to Smutty, and Smutty said he'd go if we'd give him some, and we said we would. Well, what do you think? Aunt Hannah sent us two slices of bread *apiece*, buttered thick with butter, and lots and lots of apple-sauce on it. I felt sorry that we promised to give a part to Smutty when I saw how good it was. We get hungry now every day at ten o'clock, and we don't always have bread and butter either. Oh, you'd like to be here—such times!

I've kept the best till the last. We go bare-footed when we want to, and we don't have to wear any collar or neck-tie.

I can't write any more now, because it is dinner-time, and Walt and I don't like to trouble Aunt Hannah by being late.

Your affectionate school-mate,

WINKIE WEST.

P. S.—We have clam fritters for dinner, and Walt likes them like everything. So do I.

NOTHING TO DO

A ROBIN swayed to and fro
On the old green apple-tree;
He caroled a lovely song,
And this song he caroled to me:

"Oh, maiden fair,
I'm glad I aint you;
I am glad, I am glad,
For you've nothing to do.

"The leaves they do grow,
And the grass grows too,
And the apple-tree blooms,
But you've nothing to do.

"The goslings all swim
In the lake so blue,
And the hen lays eggs,
But you've nothing to do.

"The little birds chirp,
And the dove says 'coo';
The chanticleer crows,
But you've nothing to do.

"The smoke curls up
From the chimney's flue,
And floats to the sky,
But you've nothing to do.

"To the green of the grass
The flow'r lends its hue,
And blooms in the sun,
But you've nothing to do.

"The clouds roll on
In the distant view,
And form the cool rain,
But you've nothing to do.

"But now to my nest
I my way must pursue,
And leave you alone
With nothing to do."

Then he spread his wings,
And away he flew,
Singing and caroling,
"Nothing to do!"

I rose from the grass,
And the long hours did rue
Which I'd spent lying there
With nothing to do.

On my chair were the socks,
Full of holes it is true;
But I said to myself,
"Here is something to do!"

CROCUS.

MY SQUIRREL.

Most children like pets. I do, I know. I have had kittens, and birds, and puppies, but I have liked none so well as my beautiful little gray squirrel. I reared him from a baby on milk from a bottle. Our house is in the country, with woods all around, and our bed-room is very large, and on the first floor. My dear father is very infirm, and rarely ever leaves the house, and the window-sashes are always kept down. In this room Bunny has passed his first year of life; he has his cage and bed, but he has never been confined, and his whole time, when not asleep, is spent in mischief and romping. In the morning he is up first, and wakes me by rubbing his nose in my face and purring like a cat, evidently saying, "Get up, lazy bones!" He then examines every chair, table, wardrobe and box; whatever he takes a fancy to he carries to certain hiding-places for future use; my mother's work-basket is always inspected, and her thimbles and spools of thread are carefully hidden away. We know his places of deposit, and whenever anything is missing we say at once, "Bunny has hidden it." When he is ready for a romp he jumps on my shoulder or head, and nips my ear gently with his teeth; then he scampers off, and we play hide-and-seek for

an hour; and the cunning and sense he shows in this play father says is greater than that of most children. He is the most playful and active animal I ever saw,—far ahead of a kitten. If father is asleep on his lounge, Bunny teases him until he sometimes gets a flogging; he pulls father's hair, bites his ears, pulls the newspaper from his face, nips his fingers, and I and mother look on and laugh. In warm weather he slips between the sheets of my bed and coils up exactly in the middle of the bed. He knows a stranger as soon as he comes in, and will snarl and quarrel and scold like an old woman if strange children come in. If I leave the room he runs to the windows to watch me through the glass. He will put up with the roughest treatment from me without minding it, but a stranger must take care of those needle-like teeth; he can jump ten feet from one table to another. He is fed on nuts, bread, fruit, or almost anything that we eat; is constantly hiding away things to eat. When any of us have to write, we are obliged to shut him up; he snatches the pen from the hand, scratches at the paper, upsets the ink, and for mischief he never had his equal. I could write all day, and then not tell all about him. To see him take a nut, run and jump on top of mother's head, sit there and eat it, and then hide the shell in the folds of her hair, is real funny; he has found out that the door is opened by turning the knob, and he often tries to turn it himself; he

keeps me laughing half my time; but when he takes my poor dollies by the head and drags them over the floor, then he makes me mad. I am keeping him to take to New York next summer to a little boy-cousin of mine.

A. C. W.

THE YOUTH AND THE NORTH WIND.

ONCE on a time—'t was long ago—
There lived a worthy dame,
Who sent her son to fetch some flour,
For she was old and lame.

But while he loitered on the road,
The north wind chanced to stray
Across the careless youngster's path,
And stole the flour away.

"Alas! what shall we do for bread?"
Exclaimed the weeping lad;
"The flour is gone! the flour is gone!"
And it was all we had!" MINNIE NICHOLS.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WE give this month, on pp. 50-51, directions for making a "Centennial" fancy article for a Christmas gift. Our readers will find a few other timely hints in the present "Letter-Box;" and, for further information on the subject of home-made holiday gifts, we refer them to "One Hundred Christmas Presents, and How to Make Them," in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1875.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any of your readers tell me why two small c's are placed at the foot of the eagle on half and quarter dollars? Sometimes there is an s instead of the c's, and on coins of dates previous to 1875 I have never noticed anything. On some dimes I have seen two c's, but I don't remember ever having noticed an s on a dime. If some one will tell me what this means, I shall be much obliged.—Yours truly,

JESSIE J. CASSIDY.

The two small letters c c, and the single letter s, sometimes seen on our silver money, mean Carson City and San Francisco, and are put on the coins to show that they were struck at the mints in those cities. Coins from the mother mint at Philadelphia have nothing, and the absence of the letters shows they were made there. By means of these marks the examiners at the Assay Office are enabled to trace the coins if they find any defects in the work.

ADELE sends this pretty song which she has translated for ST. NICHOLAS from the German of Goethe:

THE BEE AND THE BLUEBELL.

A dear little bluebell,
On one gladsome day,
Sprang forth from the dark earth
In brightest array.
There soon came and sipped,
A little brown bee;
They were for each other
Created, you see.

THE picture of the "Children of the Week," in our department "For Very Little Folks," was printed some years ago in *Hearth and Home*, but we reproduce it, not only because it is such a good picture, but because it is the very first drawing on wood ever made by our charming artist, Addie Ledyard. The poem in this number, "The Sunday Baby," will give additional interest to the illustration.

Grand View, Texas.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Brother Harry and I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS two years. We are all happy when it comes; it is so interesting. I want to write you a letter to thank you for making us

such a nice, sweet book every month. I am ten years old, and brother Harry is twelve. We are both studying United States history. We would so much enjoy a visit to the great Centennial at Philadelphia, but we live many hundreds of miles away in North-western Texas, and never saw a city, nor a railroad, nor many of the wonderful things we read of in ST. NICHOLAS.

KATY GRANT.

Litchfield, Illinois.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: As I am about to begin the study of English literature, I have written an answer to the first of the Harvard University questions published in the September SCRIBNER, getting my information from "Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature" (1847) and the "American Cyclopædia." I would like you to say how it would be received as an answer to the question if it was given in an examination. I did not feel sure whether I should go further back than Layamon, or whether to include the Scotch writers or not.—Respectfully,

MARY L. HOOD (aged 14 years).

Question: What are the principal writings in the English language before Chaucer?

Answer: The beginning of English literature is generally accredited to the latter part of the twelfth century, when the Anglo-Saxon tongue began to be modified by the Norman-French. The oldest known book considered English is Layamon's translation of Wace's "Roman de Brut." This writer is considered the first of a series known as the "Rhyming Chroniclers." Among them, Robert of Gloucester wrote a rhyming history of England, and Robert Manning translated several French books. Besides these were metrical romances, generally reproduced from the Anglo-Norman, among which were "Sir Tristram," "Sir Guy," "The Squire of Low Degree," "The King of Tars," "Morte Arthure," etc. Among the immediate predecessors of Chaucer were Laurence Minot, a ballad writer, and Robert Langlande, the author of "Piers Plowman." Contemporary with Chaucer were Sir John Mandeville, who wrote an account of his travels; John Wickliffe, the reformer, who translated the Bible and wrote several controversial works in English; and John Gower, the author of "Confessio Amantis."

We consider your answer a very good one.

"AN OLD GRANDMOTHER."—Thanks for the leaves of the "life-plant." They are flourishing finely, and we have sent some of them to the Little Schoolina'am.

Zanesville, Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received you yesterday. My grandpa gave me you for a Christmas gift. Don't you think I have a good grandpa? I see many letters in the "Letter-Box," but none from Zanesville. Zanesville is a smoky old town, but I like it because it is my home. We have two rivers here, the Muskingum and the Licking. I am eight years old, and never went to school until last spring. I have two pets, a dog and a squirrel. I have so much fun playing with my squirrel. He is very tame, and eats out of my hand.—Your little reader,

EFFIE W. MUNSON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please let me give your young readers a hint for fancy-work for the coming holidays.

Shagreen paper, or egg-shell board, is a new, useful, and pretty material for handkerchief-cases, card-baskets, wall-pockets, etc. It may be bought for twenty-five cents a sheet at framing establishments, where it is used in making passe-partouts. It is white on one side, and gray on the other. The gray side will be found more effective for fancy-work. The edges of this paper may readily be pinked. The parts of any fancy article can be fastened together by running ribbon through holes punched in the center of each pinked scollop. Pretty colored pictures, wreaths, leaf-sprays, etc., such as are sold in the fancy stores for children's albums, may be pasted on the surface, if desired.

ALICE DONLEVY.

Beverly, New Jersey.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A young friend, now at Princeton College, sent as a New-Year's gift your magazine to my little girls in 1875, and has continued it for this year. The pleasure he has given them in the enjoyment of its pages has led me to suggest, through your "Letter-Box," to other young men desiring to present a birthday or holiday present to a little friend, sister, brother, or cousin, that they should follow his example and send them a year's subscription to the ST. NICHOLAS. It would be, as my little girls say, "a new present every month." Its pure pages can safely be put in the hands of our children, and relieve a parent's anxiety as to what they will read in them, while we have so much to dread from many other periodicals, books, etc.

We have made use of several of your charades, pantomimes, &c., with success, in our little school entertainments, and thank you for them.—Respectfully,

MRS. FANNIE M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have tried making candy according to John F. H.'s plan. The candy turned out to be real good. Please put me down as a Bird-defender.—Yours truly,

W. WEST RANDALL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read you and like you very much, and seeing that the other boys and girls write to you, I thought that I would too. Winter before last, I went to Florida for my health, and while I was there the hotel folks used to go alligator-shooting, and they brought in several pretty good-sized ones. They are nice-looking fellows, so I thought, but ugly to tackle.

Aside from this, I had a pretty good time there, and when I was coming home I brought a little gator with me; but when I got to Savannah, on my way home, he got lost in a fountain that was in front of the hotel; and a few days after, he got out and crawled into the cellar of the hotel, where the cat got him and killed him.

But after that I got another one, which I liked better, and he did not get lost or die, but has since then traveled with me wherever I went; and last winter I got a turtle to keep him company, and they get along nicely together. Besides them, I have a gray squirrel that I like very much, and now I am trying to get a young 'coon.

Hoping that you will not get tired of my long letter, I remain, yours truly,

CLARENCE H. NEW.

Yorkville, Sept., '76.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell the girls that they can make a real pretty Christmas present for their fathers, brothers or uncles, out of a child's slipper. You take a pretty little blue or red kid slipper, or bronze if you like it better, and glue a little round glass inkstand fast to the inside of the heel, so that as it stands in there it reaches the least bit beyond the top. Then in the toe you fasten in a frill of fine black merino or cloth, gathered just as full as can be. This fills the toe out nicely, while the pinked edges of the frill stick out loosely about three quarters of an inch toward the inkstand, and form a pen-wiper and ornament at the same time. I ought to have told you to put this in before the inkstand. If another girl will go halves with you in buying a pair of slippers, it is better, as you may not want to make two presents so much alike.

My brother saw cocoa-nut shells in two, then cleans and smooths them inside and out, and sets them on rustic stands or legs, which he makes out of twigs and roots. He varnishes the whole, after putting a rim of acorns and leather oak-leaves around the top of the cocoa-nut part; and you don't know what a pretty flower-stand it makes. Sometimes he trims the rim with a rustic twist, and finishes with rustic handles. He lines them with red or blue velvet, if they are to be used for knick knacks or cards in them. Some boys like to make these for Christmas presents.—Yours truly,

ROSETTA F.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I went on the coast survey with Uncle Odin. I was thirteen years old then. We were delayed at Panama, and Uncle Odin gave me a long, bright day for hunting specimens for my cabinet. He had been there before, and so he knew what to look for. We went to an old mine that has not been worked for more than a hundred years, and found some curious specimens. Up among the hills we found garnets and a shiny black crystal that I persisted in believing was a black diamond; but down in the warm, wet valley

between the mountains, the loveliest flowers were growing, and among them one which I want to tell you about.

Uncle Odin said it was an orchid, but the pretty Spanish name for it is "*La flor del Espiritu Santa*," which, being literally interpreted, means "Flower of the Holy Spirit," though it is sometimes called the "Holy Ghost flower." It grows very much like a tuberose, with fibrous, bulbous root, from which rises a tall stem or stalk. The leaves are long and pointed, wrapping sheath-like about the stalk, and then bending away from it to show the beautiful flowers. They are just as pure white as a water-lily, cup shaped, and about as large as a tulip. Each flower grows on a short stem that droops a little from the main stalk, so one can look straight into the open cup, and there lies a pure white dove, with slightly raised wings, tinted a faint lavender or dove color, and a delicate pink beak on its pretty round head. It is about an inch long, I guess, and as exquisitely formed as though carved from the finest alabaster.

I wanted to bring a root home with me, but Uncle Odin said it would not live if disturbed in the flowering season; that late in the autumn, or early in the spring, the bulbs might be taken up and dried like tulip-bulbs, and then they would bloom again. So I told the pretty thing farewell, and left it there in the wilderness of swamp.

Well, as I said, Uncle Odin called it an orchid when I asked him what kind of a flower it was, just as though that explained the whole matter. Now, what I want to ask of Jack-in-the-Pulpit, or some of your wise people, is—What is an orchid? Do they all bloom white, and have they all doves in their dainty cups? Please tell me something about them, and much oblige your friend,

NAT. EMERSON.

The orchids are a large family of flowers, found throughout the year in almost all parts of the world. They are noted for the peculiar form which one part of the flower assumes, making it resemble some insect, reptile, or bird, as in the case given in the above letter. The orchids are very singular, beautiful, and fragrant flowers. A common specimen is the "lady's-slipper."

Down in the valley, so cool and green,
The lily's head is to be seen.
Beautiful lily, so fair and sweet,
White and pure, you lie at the traveler's feet.
Darlingest lily, I love you so,
I dare not to part with you, dare not to go.
Beautiful lily, so pure and white,
Lies in the valley, lies there all night.

"LITTLE MAY" (five years old).

Two lovers, with very bad colds in their heads, hid away when they heard somebody coming. When that somebody halted close by the spot, the lady called out archly the name of a famous mythological rod. What was it?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, six years old, and my name is Minnie Blaisdell. I am an only child, and have not even a cousin or uncle or aunt, for both papa and mamma never had a brother or sister, and papa's father and mother died when he was a baby, and his aunt took care of him. I wonder if there is any other reader of ST. NICHOLAS who has no cousin.

I am not very strong, and mamma says my health is delicate, so I have to stay in the house a good deal, and can't play as much as most children can; and as I have no one at home to play with, I get lonesome. I am very fond of kittens, and want one very much, but mamma won't let me have any, for she thinks it is not good for me. Do you think it would hurt me?

As I can't have a kitten, papa got me two dogs. One is a great black Newfoundland, and his name is Hero; and the other is just the littlest bit of a black doggie I ever saw. He is so small, when I go out-doors I put him in a pocket on the outside of my sacque, and you can just see his little head peeping out. He has very bright eyes, and looks very funny, for he almost always has his little red tongue sticking out. I call him Tom Thumb, because he is so small, and he is full of mischief. He likes to tease Hero, who does not think such a little fellow is worth minding. At meals the dogs come and sit one on each side of me, but mamma won't let me give them anything at the table. Hero never asks for it, and if Tom does, Hero takes him by the collar and walks him out of the room, and won't let him come back. But when I feed them, Hero gives Tom the best; and when any one gives him anything, he gives Tom the biggest share. He always lets Tom have the softest and warmest seat. Is n't he kind? Mamma says he teaches us a good lesson, and I try to be as kind and generous as Hero, for I surely ought to do better than a dog. Hero is very grave and dignified, and never cuts up capers as Tom does. If Tom does n't mind me, Hero gives him a good shaking or boxes his ears. Sometimes Tom hides things, and then Hero makes him bring them back. So when Tom is naughty, I tell Hero to punish him, and he does. But he is very kind to Tom, and lets him pull and bite his tail and ears, or do anything he pleases to him. When they go out with me, and Tom gets tired walking, he makes

Hero carry him on his back. Hero saved my life once, so we think he deserves his name, don't you?

Besides my dogs, papa got me the prettiest little black pony, for Dr. Lyon said I ought to ride horseback. He is very small; jet black, with a white star on his forehead and white feet, and a long flowing mane and tail; and I named him Charlie. I have a little carriage that holds two, and every pleasant day I ride out in it or on horseback, with Hero to take care of me. Sometimes I take Tom in my pocket. Papa is n't afraid to let me go anywhere if Hero is with me, for he won't let anything hurt me.

Grandpa and grandma live with us, and grandma helped me write this. If you can, will you please print this, so that the others can hear about my pets. I must tell you papa says Tom will never grow any larger. He got ST. NICHOLAS for me, and I like it ever so much.—With ever so much love to you and all your readers,

MINNIE BLAISDELL.

Brockport, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you an answer to the question of H. E. B.: "When did Great Britain acknowledge the independence of the United States, or American Colonies, as it was then called?"

A final treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States was signed at Paris, on the third of September, by David Hartley, Esq., on the part of the King of England, and by John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and John Jay, on the part of the United States.

The independence of the colonies was acknowledged by Sweden on the 5th of February, by Denmark on the 25th of February, by Spain on the 24th of March, and by Russia in July, all in the year 1783, before it was formally acknowledged by England.

The question of Ruel L. S. about birthdays on the 29th of February I have often thought of myself, but never have been able to find an answer to it. I should think though, that as all other birthdays are 365 days after the last one, this one would be on the 1st of March in all years but leap-year.

I have taken you (does n't it seem funny to say "you"?) for almost a year, and I mean to go right on taking you, you are so splendid. I have a little sister, six years old, who was so delighted with "Bobby and the Keyhole," that she has made me read it over and over until I know it almost by heart. I think "The Boy Emigrants" is very interesting, and "Talks with Girls" just as nice as can be; only I wish you came oftener and staid longer.—Your loving reader,

ELIZABETH B. ALLEN.

Several others of the boys and girls have answered H. E. B.'s question correctly.

Rocky Brook, Rhode Island.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you not hit a ball twice in croquet, even if you have not been through your wicket, provided it is a different turn?

ROLONG REDMAINE.

In every turn, at croquet, you begin afresh, as far as the balls are concerned, and may hit a ball the second time even if you have not gone through a wicket since you hit it the first time.

South Pueblo, Colorado, le 26 Juillet.

CHER ST. NICHOLAS: Nous sommes deux petites filles, âgées à peu près six et sept ans; qui demeurent en Colorado. Nous sommes toujours si heureuses quand St. NICHOLAS arrive.

Maman nous a lu l'histoire de Piccola qui était très triste, parce qu'elle n'avait point de cadeau de Noël.

Nous avons gardés nos habits et nos bottines pour elle. Dites, s'il

vous plait à M. Aldrich de nous donner un autre conte aussi amusant que celui de la comtesse de la Grenouillère. Si nous allions en France, un de ces jours, nous espérons voir Piccola.

Vos petites amies, GERTRUDE ET ANNE LEMBORN.

Newsboys' Home, New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: About six weeks ago I was up to Cooper's Institute, and happening to pick up the ST. NICHOLAS for April, I came across an article headed "The Poor Boys' Astor House," and as I am an inmate of that institution, I eagerly examined its contents, which I think was very nice; in fact, I was enraptured with all I read, especially about Gilbert Stuart.

I am a poor boy without home or friends, and had it not been for the Home, I do not know what I would do. My father died about one year ago, and my mother is in the Insane Asylum, and I have to live at the Home.

I have written several pieces of poetry, and as there is a department for amateur contributors, I take the liberty of sending you the following piece, which I leave to your approval; and if it is fit for publication, it would please me very much to see it in print.

JAMES D. BORDEN.

LIFE.

LIFE! 't is but a little garden-flower,
Growing on a rough and rugged road,
Ready to drop off at any hour,
As if weary of its load.

First in infancy it dangles,
In the gentle summer winds;
Then in youth gets entangled,
And no rest it ever finds.

Now in manhood's happy bower,
In peace and comfort it still grows;
And at old age it lost its power,
Drove by chilly wind that blows.

See now, with death in every zephyr,
Time, its dreadful scythe in hand,
Sweeps from this wicked world forever,
To a far but better land.

Norristown, Pa., June 28, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much. I think it is the best magazine that has ever been published. I have just commenced "The Story of Sevenoaks," bound in a book. I am very much interested in the story of "The Boy Emigrants." My friend, J. Craig Crawford, showed me my name in the list of Bird-defenders in the July number. I was very glad that my letter had been received. I thought the "Eight Cousins" and "The Young Surveyor" were elegant. Every piece in ST. NICHOLAS interests me. A friend of mine has had the ST. NICHOLAS for 1875 beautifully bound for me, with my name at the bottom.

I was sitting in father's study, and I thought I might as well write to you. I am ten years old to-day. I was born at exactly half-past one in the morning on the 28th of June, 1866. We have only six days to wait before our country will be one hundred years old; but there is no need of me telling it, for everybody knows it. Please put this in the "Letter-Box." I shall watch to see it in print. I will now close.—Yours truly,

HYLAND C. MURPHY.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A YELLOW flower.
2. An ingredient of soap.
3. An aromatic plant.
4. A large animal.
5. A young woman.
6. A custom.
7. A black bird.
8. A silver coin.
9. A measure of length.
10. A useful metal.

The initials and finals form two of Dickens's characters.

ANAGRAMS.

- AMERICAN cities: 1. A philanthropic city—Sob not. 2. An enterprising city—On, we kry. 3. A river-spanning city—Crost here. 4. A noted city—In shag town. 5. A seaport city—Let's anchor. 6. A hot city—Boil me. 7. A new city—Up last.

oswy.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE a word meaning to unite, and leave a girl's name.
2. Syncopate a word meaning fortunate, and leave a girl's name.
3. Syncopate the name of an opera, and leave a girl's name.

C. D.

REVERSALS.

1. I do not — of wearing the prison —.
2. There is plenty of — on the —.
3. What a — of words about a —.
4. Was that the — in ancient —.
5. I sent a — which he will receive at —.
6. We must get a new — for this block at one of the Southern —.
7. Could you describe the — correctly as being covered by —.

RUTH.

ABBREVIATIONS.

1. BEHEAD and syncopate an article of food, and leave a color. 2. Behead and syncopate an evergreen tree, and leave a part of the body. 3. Behead and syncopate a mournful song, and leave anger. 4. Behead and syncopate a noted epic poem, and leave a boy. 5. Behead and syncopate a precious stone, and leave a fish. 6. Behead and syncopate a forest tree, and leave a malt liquor. 7. Behead and syncopate a relative, and leave a luxury in summer. 8. Behead and syncopate a tropical fruit, and leave a falsehood. 9. Behead and syncopate a part of the body, and leave an article of food. 10. Behead and syncopate a kind of grain, and leave an article of clothing.

ISOLA.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(A large and renowned city.)

My first is in plum, but not in peach;
My second is in oak, but not in beech;
My third is in stone, but not in rock;
My fourth is in door, but not in lock;
My fifth is in old, but not in new;
My sixth is in rain, but not in dew;

G. D. D.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. A NOTED ancient city. 2. A means of rising in the world. 3. A spicy plant. 4. One of a certain Eastern tribe. 5. A church benefice. 6. A small leaf. 7. A musical instrument.

Diagonals—From left to right: A degree of honor. From right to left: A badge of the honor.

J. P. B.

CHARADE, No. 1.

My first has a large throat, and sometimes swallows,
Though never in the winter, I believe;
And sometimes it gets choked, and then it follows
That only active remedies relieve.

My next you have when anything is broken,
Nor is it often then a welcome sight;
Though sometimes you esteem it as a token,
And give or take it with a small delight.

My whole, when glowing from a light beneath it,
Seems radiant with a warmth it cannot give,
And helps to emphasize a pleasant welcome
In homes where open-hearted people live.

J. P. B.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A metal. 2. A city in Europe. 3. To leave out. 4. Used in fishing.

J. W. H.

GRAMMATICAL COMPARISONS.

1. POSITIVE, an insect; comparative, a beverage; superlative, an animal. 2. POSITIVE, an instrument used in a certain out-door exercise; comparative, a dull companion; superlative, an expression of vanity. 3. POSITIVE, payment for services; comparative, apprehension of evil or danger; superlative, a festive meal. 4. POSITIVE, a timid animal; comparative, a loud sound; superlative, cooked meat.

ISOLA.

RIDDLE.

'T was yesterday that you made game
Of me, you stupid bat!
To-day somebody trod on me,
And kicked me, and all that.
Well, well, my troubles last not long!
In spite of every kind of wrong,
I'm bound to have my cheerful song.

L. W. H.

APOCOPES.

1. APOCOPATE a knot of ribbon, and leave a fowl. 2. Apocopate to perplex, and leave meat. 3. Apocopate a toy, and leave an animal. 4. Apocopate a candle, and leave a plant. 5. Apocopate sorrowful, and leave a plant.

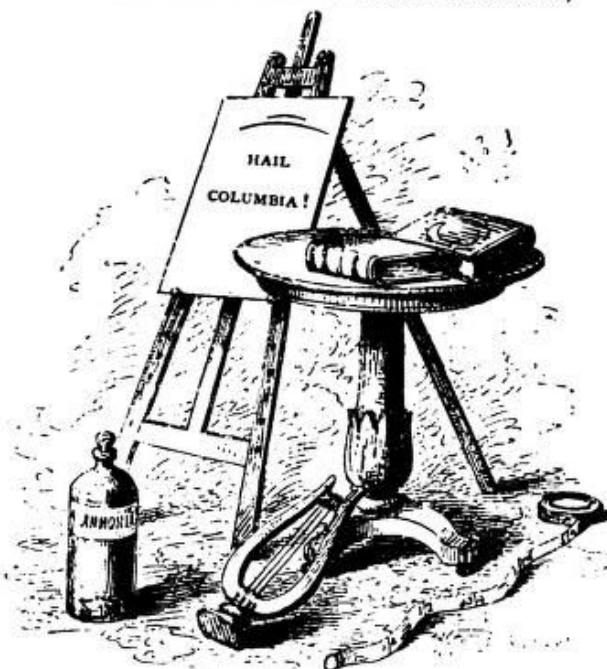
CYRIL DEANE.

REBUS.



PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Of the seven objects shown, arrange the names of five so that the initials and finals shall form the names of the other two.)



EASY ENIGMA.

A 1, 2, 3 saw a 4, 5, 6 in the 7, 8, 9 yard in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.
CYRIL DEANE.

CHARADE, No. 2.

FIRST.

I PRY out a secret,
Devour a book;
I guide the hunter,
And aid the cook.
I'm drilled at the needle,
And "cute" at a hook.
In short, I'm a wonderful creation,
Worthy your study and admiration,
Albeit I'm naught but a perforation.

SECOND.

Faster and faster,
The cruel master
Waves me in air.
Agonized crying
Follows me, dying
In sobs and prayer.
Crying he heeds not,
His hard heart bleeds not
For such despair.

WHOLE.

Lifting so lightly,
Drooping so slightly,
On tender hinge.
Dusting and sweeting
When I'm not sleeping.
Deepening blue tinge,
Height'ning the sparkling,
Soft'ning the darkling,
Yet I'm but fringe!

L. W. H.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

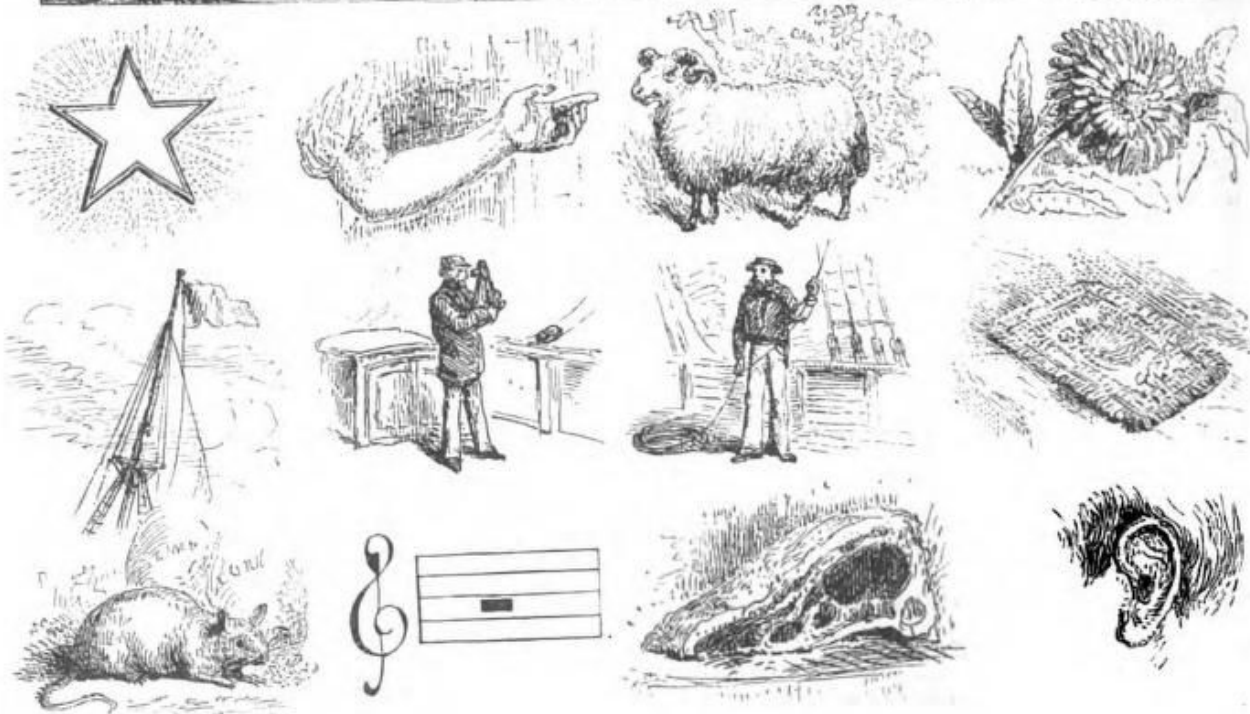
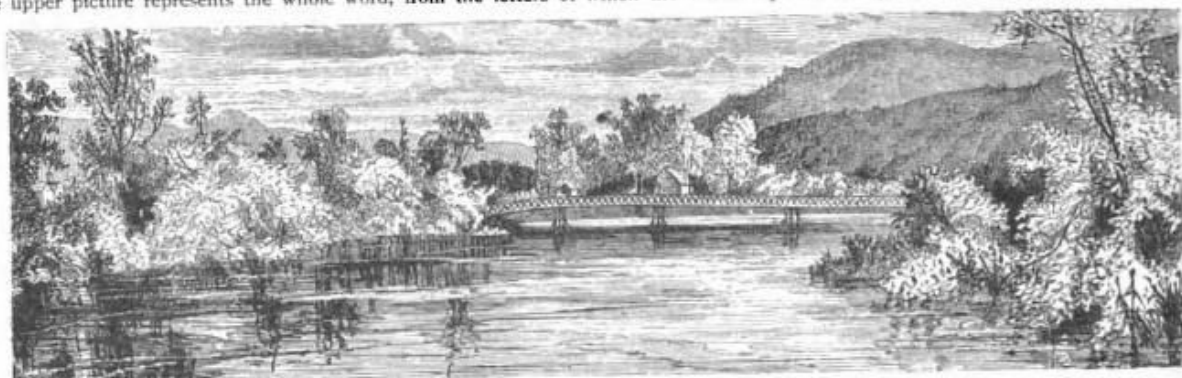
1. A CONSONANT. 2. A negative. 3. A noted lover. 4. A number. 5. A vowel.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

COMPOSED of seventeen letters. The 2, 13, 4, 8, 1 is a part of the body. The 4, 12, 16, 3, 17 is a sign of the zodiac. The 10, 7, 2, 13, 9 is a kind of tea. The 15, 11, 1, 5, 17 is an aquatic flowering plant. The 15, 9, 5, 6, 14 is a girl's name. The whole is a natural phenomenon.
ISOLA.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.

(The upper picture represents the whole word, from the letters of which the words represented by the other pictures are to be formed.)



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES—1. Model, ode. 2. Samples, ample.
3. Apathy, path. 4. Slater, late. 5. Earth, art. 6. Eager, age.
A HIDDEN TOUR—1. Bremen. 2. Hanover. 3. Tivoli. 4. Ham.
5. Lyons. 6. Rhine. 7. Cologne. 8. Bonn. 9. Coblenz. 10. Frankfurt.
11. Mannheim. 12. Bingen. 13. Baden. 14. Stutgard. 15. Munich.
16. Tyrol. 17. Verona. 18. Venice. 19. Prague. 20. Dresden.
21. Eisleben. 22. Wittenburg. 23. Berlin.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

S	C
A C E	E R E
S C A R E - C R O W S	
E R A	E W E
E	S

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE—S, Ice, Screw, Fel, W.

RIDDLE—Looking-glass—Lo, o, O, loo, look, kin, king, in, gee, lass, as, ass.

CONSONANT PUZZLE—Tennessee, Nevada, Alabama, Kansas, Arkansas, Alaska, Massachusetts, North Carolina, Mississippi, Virginia.

EASY METAGRAM—Kate, date, fate, gate, hate, late.

ABBREVIATIONS—1. Elegy, leg. 2. Grape, rap. 3. Jewel, ewe. 4. Larch, arc. 5. Pasha, ash. 6. Snipe, nip. 7. Steam, tea. 8. Black, lac. 9. Coney, one. 10. Crate, rat.

BEHEADED RHYMES—Caprice, a price, price, rice, ice.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC—Saratoga, Monmouth.

S	—ache—	M
A	—rg—	O
R	—obi—	N
A	—r—	M
T	—omat—	O
O	—rmol—	U
G	—oa—	T
A	—s—	H

EASY ENIGMAS—1. Bobolink. 2. Grasshopper.**SQUARE-WORD**—

O P A L
P I N E
A N N A
L E A D

PUZZLE—Notable, no table, not able.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA—Charlie.

SYNCOPEATIONS—1. Aloc, ale. 2. Aunt, ant. 3. Carp, cap. 4. Coat, cat. 5. Colt, cot. 6. Lead, lad. 7. Plea, pea. 8. Reed, red. 9. Rose, roe. 10. Tome, toe.

CHARADE—Kettle-drum.

GEOMETRICAL TRANSPOSITIONS—Grandiloquent, Entertaining, Circensial, Angelina, Quarantines, Connive, the Rubicon, Parsimony, Anomorphomoid, Consideringly.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to September 18, from Willie Dibblee, Nettie A. Ives, James A. Montgomery, Amy R. Carpenter, Virginia Davage, Lucy Allen Paton, "Juliet," Jennie Fine, A. J. Lewis, Frieda E. Lippert, Emma Elliott, Ida M. Bourne, Agnes M. Hodges, Lucy Davis, Johnny Kenny, "Alex," Nellie J. Thompson, C. M. Trowbridge, Nessie E. Stevens, B. P. Emery, Howard S. Rodgers, Carroll L. Maxey, Bessie McLaren, Helen Green, Clara L. Calhoun, W. C. Delanoy, R. L. Groendycke.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A BUSY December to you, my youngsters! A busy December, full of plans for making other people happy; and then a merry Christmas! The holiday ST. NICHOLAS, I'm told, will reach you this year before Christmas Day. If that's the case, why Christmas, too, will come in ahead of time, that's all.

The fact is, Christmas is n't a golden flash in the children's sky. No, it's a sort of goldy way, bright, beautiful, and holy, that shimmers into view early in December, grows brightest on The Day, and then fades slowly into the New Year. Christmas shines in some hearts as soon as they know it is coming.

Let's see. We must start off with a holiday subject this time. Ha! I have it!

A BIG PLUM-PUDDING.

Now and then, the Little Schoolma'am reads things to the children that make your Jack almost jump out of his pulpit. Now what do you think of this account which the little lady lately read out of an old book to a hungry group of youngsters who had crowded about her because they had seen her "laughing at something in the book?" She said the June referred to was the summer of 1819.

"On June 8th, at Paignton fair, near Exeter, the ancient custom of drawing through the town a plum-pudding of an immense size, and afterward distributing it to the populace, was revived. The ingredients which composed this enormous pudding were 400 pounds of flour, 170 pounds of beef suet, 140 pounds of raisins, and 240 eggs. It was kept constantly boiling in a brewer's copper from Saturday morning to Tuesday, when it was placed on a car, decorated with ribbons, evergreens, &c., and drawn along the street by eight oxen."

There was a pudding for you, almost as grand as Mother Mitchel's! But they should have saved it for Christmas.

THE CHRISTMAS PUTZ AT BETHLEHEM.

MY DEAR JACK: Will you please let me tell the other girls, and their brothers, how to make something pretty for Christmas?

In Bethlehem, Pa., where mother and I passed considerable time, there is a large Moravian settlement, and some of their customs are very interesting, particularly during the Christmas season. At that time, the Moravians make what they call a Putz, not only for the amusement of their children, but for all who may come to see it.

A Putz is a miniature landscape, with whatever figures you may like to put in it. Some of these scenes are made on a grand scale; but smaller ones, equally pretty, and not so difficult to manage, are made at the foot of the Christmas-tree. The tree is placed on a table, or, better still, it is set in a large dry-goods box, and then boards are put across the top of the box, as a foundation for the Putz.

If you wish to make one, girls, you have only to go into the woods for your materials. Pieces of rock, large and small, mosses, ferns, lichens, vines, and whatever you may think pretty, will answer the purpose. The large rocks, you use for mountains, interspersed with small branches of cedar and pine for trees. A narrow piece of tin-foil, bent into various shapes, will do for a water-fall, across which a card-board bridge can be laid. Lower down, you can have a looking-glass lake, or, better still, a tin pan, filled with water, on which artificial ducks, geese, fish, boats, etc., can float. Conceal the edge of the glass or pan with moss, and put gravel at the bottom of your real lake, as well as gravel walks around it.

With card-board houses, and fences, and miniature sheep, horses, etc., you can make very pretty scenes. Or you can represent the birth of the Christ-child, with small toy figures that come expressly for such scenes. You will find it easy to make a pretty design for Christmas with very little material.

The Moravians at Bethlehem welcome all visitors, whether strangers or not, who choose to go into any of the houses to examine the Putz, and it certainly is a very interesting sight.

I am your sincere young friend,

MAMIE H.

EAST OR WEST?

"DEACON GREEN, please sir, Tom Scott says Aspinwall is west of Panama, and I say it is n't."

"Well, my man, what are your grounds for disputing him?" said the Deacon, mildly, seeing that some reply was expected.

"Why, good grounds enough, sir. He admits that Aspinwall is on the Atlantic Ocean side of the isthmus, and Panama is on the Pacific Ocean, or that part of it known as Panama Bay. Humph! guess 'most anybody ought to know that the Pacific Ocean is west of this continent, and the Atlantic is east of it; and yet he sticks to it that Panama is east of Aspinwall!"

"Well, Thomas is generally pretty sure of a statement before he makes it," put in the Deacon.

"But, sir," proceeded the boy, growing redder as he began to suspect that the Deacon might be on Tom's side, "I don't see any sense in going right against geography. He need n't try to make out that the Pacific Ocean is east of the Atlantic—not on *this* side of the world, sir."

"That's true," said the Deacon. "And now, Joe, I'll tell you what I'll do. You just run home and examine the map closely, and then if you find, on careful inspection, that Thomas is wrong, come to me and I'll fill your hat with the finest apples you ever tasted in your life."

Joe *did* run home; he *did* examine the map closely—and to this day he never has said a word to the Deacon about those apples.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

Germantown, August 10th, 1876.

DEAR JACK: I wish to tell you a little story about a canary and a sparrow. One morning, while my little brother and myself were sitting on the piazza, a sparrow came and perched on my canary's cage, and began eating the seed it found on the outside. My bird was very glad to see a friend, and immediately began singing. My

little brother happened to be eating a piece of bread, and he threw a few crumbs to the sparrow, which it soon picked up and carried to the canary. It was very funny to see it put the crumbs in the canary's beak. I think it gave them to the canary because it was thankful for the seed my bird had given him.—Yours truly,

EDITH M. DARRACH.

A LITTLE HOLLANDER'S BIRD-CAGE.

New York, Oct. 12, 1876.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Once, when I was in Holland, waiting in an Amsterdam railroad station for the train to come along, I saw something so very pretty that I made a drawing of it on purpose for you, knowing you would like to show it to your boys and girls. Here it is—a bird-cage, and the very finest bird-cage I ever saw in my life. There is no need of describing it. The children will see the beautiful stand embellished with moss and flowers, the two houses set in the midst of the green, the connecting gallery covered with fine wire gauze, and the birds skipping to and fro enjoying every inch of it. They can see, too, the bell in the pagoda tower which rings sweetly whenever the little inmates choose to pull the string. In fact, while I was looking, one of the birds *did* pull the string, so I sketched him in the act.

I did not draw the railroad station, you see, Jack, because the person who was taking the cage home

Warren, the ST. NICHOLAS artist. He has done it so beautifully and accurately that if ever I make any more drawings I shall ask him to copy them for the credit of the family.

I am, dear Mr. Jack, yours very truly,
JOEL STACY.

THE SAFETY LAMP.

Philadelphia, Sept. 25, 1876.

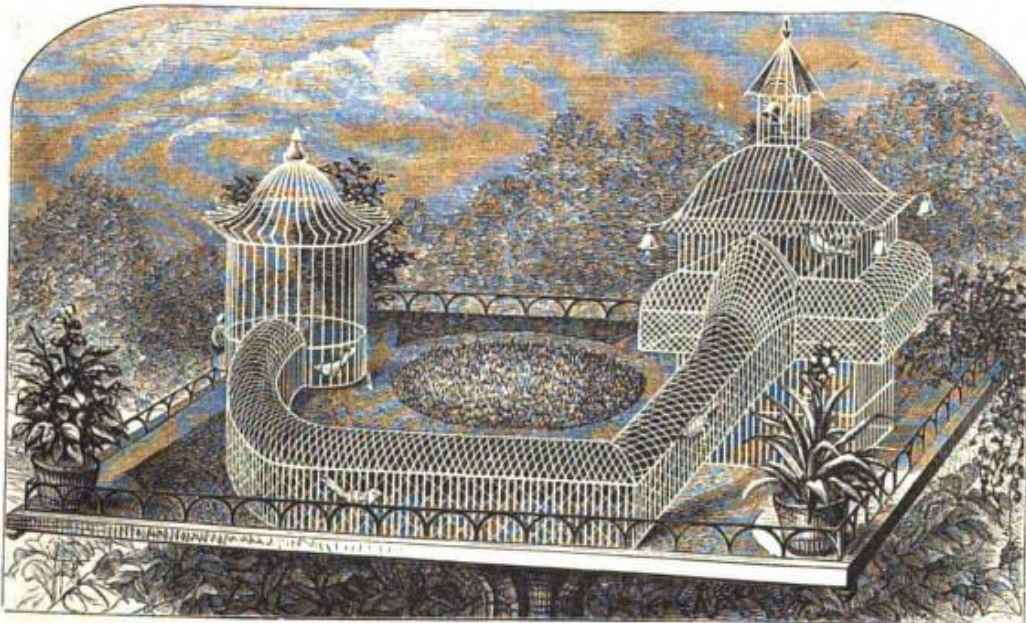
DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I think the omission in C. A. D.'s letter, page 798, of the October ST. NICHOLAS, is the safety lamp that Sir Humphrey Davy invented, by means of which many lives have been saved. In May, 1812, an explosion of gas took place in the Felling Colliery, near Newcastle, which caused the death of ninety-two persons. This prompted a committee of proprietors of mines to wait upon Davy to see if he could devise any way of preventing similar accidents.

Davy had observed that combustion was not communicated through tubes of small dimensions, and, by experimenting, he gradually reduced the size of the tubes till he found that a metallic gauge, with apertures not exceeding one twenty-second part of an inch, was sufficient to prevent the flame inside of the lamp from igniting the explosive gas on the outside. He therefore devised a lamp with a wire screen, which the miners could use with safety.

Your friend,

FRANCIS H. JACKSON, JR.

The Little Schoolma'am wishes Jack to thank Master Jackson, Nelly M. Sherwin, Martie S. D., "Ned," R. S. S., and all other young friends who have correctly given the important fact omitted by C. A. D. She wishes you also to know that a new



as a birthday present to his little daughter, said it was to be set upon a pedestal in the garden. I could n't help thinking how delighted the little girl would be with his beautiful gift, and how easily the thing could be copied (from the drawing) by some American cage-maker in case I ever should want to give my little girl a superb Christmas present.

Then I thought of your thousands of young folks, and how some of their fathers, who could spare the requisite money, might like to have such cages made for them. The wire-work can be so delicate that the birds inside will almost think they are not caged at all. Perhaps I ought to tell you that the drawing I send was made from my sketch by Mr.

safety lamp, called Landau's New Safety Lamp, for use in mines, promises to be an improvement even on Sir Humphrey Davy's. She says, "Tell them that the chief peculiarity of the invention is that, by an ingenious arrangement, the admission of gas extinguishes the flame, so that it cannot under any circumstances be exploded by the lamp."

Humph! The dear Little Schoolma'am does n't tell us how the miners will feel when they are left in the dark. I should n't like that part of the invention; still, it is better than being blown up. Any intelligent miner would rather have a whole body in the dark, than to be scattered about in fragments in a good light.



CHRISTMAS CAROL.*

Words by MARY MAPES DODGE.

Music by F. BOOTT.

♩: SOP. SOLO. *Allegro Moderato.*

1. Good news on Christ-mas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren dear! For Christ, once born in
 2. Good news on Christ-mas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren sweet! The way to find the

TENOR OR BARITONE SOLO, *ad lib.*

3. Good news on Christ-mas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren glad! Rare gifts are yours to
 4. Good news on Christ-mas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren fair! Still doth the one Good

mf *cres.*

Beth-le-hem, Is liv-ing now and here. Good news on Christmas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren
 Ho-ly Child, Is light-ed for your feet. Good news on Christmas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren

give the Lord, As ev-er wise men had. Good news on Christmas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren
 Shep-herd hold, The feeb-lest in his care. Good news on Christmas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren

f *dim.* *mf*

dear! For Christ, for Christ, once born in Beth-le-hem, Is liv-ing now and here.... For Christ, once born in
 sweet! The way, the way to find the Ho-ly Child, Is light-ed for your feet.... The way to find the

glad! Rare gifts, rare gifts are yours to give the Lord. As ev-er wise men had.... Rare gifts are yours to
 fair! Still doth, still doth the one Good Shep-herd hold The feeb-lest in his care.... Still doth the one Good

THE LETTER-BOX.

HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE best response we can make to correspondents who ask us for help in devising Christmas presents that they can make with their own hands, is to refer them to the article called "ONE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM," in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1875. A new supply of this back number is ready, and any one, by inclosing twenty-five cents with full post-office address to the publishers, will receive a copy of the article by return mail. It is so full, so clear, and so copiously illustrated, that we do not feel able to improve upon it. Our "Letter-Box" in last month's ST. NICHOLAS contains directions for making a few articles for Christmas gifts. In fact, suggestions for pretty handiwork abound in ST. NICHOLAS, and we always are glad when correspondents kindly add to our stock.

Berlin, Mass., August 29, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in your March number an account of a doll claimed to be the oldest in America.

A friend of mine, Mary L. Whitcomb, has in her possession a doll which is much older. This, the first doll brought to America, was presented, in 1733, by Captain George Girdler to his daughter, Hannah Girdler, then two years of age.

The doll's body is of wood, to which the legs and arms are tacked with small nails. The doll's head is of wood, painted or coated with something giving it an appearance not so much unlike that of those of our day as might be expected.

It was last dressed about thirty-five years ago, and now wears a white lace cap, dress of brown satin, white stockings, and velvet slippers, and looks very like the little old lady it is. I intended writing long before now on this subject, but have neglected to do so. I think ST. NICHOLAS is a splendid magazine.—Very truly yours,
CLARA L. SHATTUCK.

New York, Oct. 16, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I cut this out of the newspaper, and I do wish you would put it in the "Letter-Box." It is so nice, and it makes me feel as if Cinderella, and Jack-the-Giant-Killer, and all those old stories might be true:

"Two exceedingly tall people are Captain Bates and wife, the giant and giantess, who were married in London some years ago. The captain and spouse have retired from public life, and built a house near Rochester, New York. He is seven and a half feet high, and she is an inch taller, and each weighs more than four hundred pounds. The rooms of their house are eighteen feet high, and the doors twelve feet high. Their bedstead is ten feet long, and all the furniture is proportionately large."

Just to think of it! I should n't be surprised if there were a great big knocker on the street-door, made like a man's face, and if it snapped its teeth at people when they went to knock.—Yours truly,
SALLY G. CLARK.

Orange, N. J., August 20, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen a great many things about girls improving themselves and learning to be housekeepers, and so on; but not a word about boys. Now I think that somebody ought to write something for us fellows.—Yours truly,
ARTHUR ROPES.

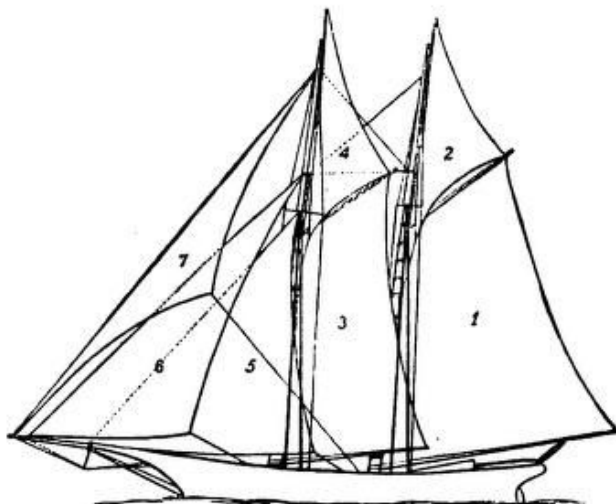
Arthur, and hundreds of other boys, will be glad to know that his hint has been anticipated. There are to be nine familiar and friendly "Talks with Boys" during the present volume of ST. NICHOLAS, and all of them from men who know just what the boys ought to hear. Mr. Bryant tells you this month of the ways of boys when he was a boy himself, and beneath his pleasant narrative you will find many a lesson of true manliness. Every word of Mr. Bryant's has value for you, boys, because it comes from one who, by an upright, noble life, and the worthy cultivation of fine gifts, has proved an honor to his time and his country. Soon you shall hear from the others. Your own Trowbridge has a hearty word to say, and friends from the other side of the Atlantic are coming to have a friendly talk with you. George MacDonald, who wrote that wonderful fairy tale, "The Princess and the Goblin," and the rhyme beginning "Where did you come from, baby dear?" will soon be heard from, and before long you shall have a word from the school-boy's friend, Tom Hughes, author of "Tom Brown at Oxford" and "School-days at Rugby."

St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in St. Louis, and get your Magazine every month. I have got the hull of a boat, about two feet long, with places for two masts: and I have rigged her like a schooner and have great fun sailing her on a pond near where I live. But I never saw a vessel; only pictures, and don't know how to rig her right. I wish some boy, who lives on the sea-coast, would tell me how to rig her like a yacht. I saw a picture of the "Countess of Dufferin," but I can't make it all out. My father has been to sea, and tries to explain it to me; but he has forgotten, it was so long ago. Do yachts have fore top-masts, and top-sails? and how is the top-sail hoisted? And do they have ratlines? and do the stays come down over the ends of the cross-trees to the side of the vessel, or are they made fast to the mast? I don't see how they can be made fast to the mast, for then you can't raise the gaff: and I don't see how there can be a foretop-sail, because it would foul the maintop-stay. I am going to take my schooner to pieces, and rig it up right after school hours, and if you would like, I will tell you more about it some other time.—

LEWIS G. CONANT.

Miniature yachts, when rigged as schooners, have foretop-masts and maintop-masts, and foretop-sails, and maintop-sails. Both top-sails are secured to short "sprits" or poles, and are hoisted from deck. The stay from the foremast to the mainmast is called the



"spring-stay," and in changing the vessel's course, the foretop-sail is lowered till it can pass under the spring-stay, and then it is brought up on the other side. Ratlines are never used on the shrouds. Only the larger vessels use cross-trees, or "spreaders" as they are called; and in every case the top-mast back-stays always come to the deck, and are fastened just abaft (to the rear) of the shroud. Such schooners also have a stay from the top of the maintop-mast to the top of the mainmast.

This outline drawing gives the position of the sails commonly used in miniature yachts; 1 is the mainsail, 2 the maintop-sail, 3 the fore-sail, 4 the foretop-sail, 5 the staysail, 6 the jib, 7 the flying-jib. The first mast is called the foremast; the short mast above, the foretop-mast. The second mast is the mainmast, and the one above it is the maintop-mast. Two shrouds are given to each mast, and one back-stay to each topmast. The dotted lines show how the foretop-sail passes the spring-stay, and the top of the foresails, and shows how the jibs pass each other, one lapping over the other. This is an outline of the sails and standing rigging only, the running rigging being omitted to save room.

Providence, R. I., October 23d, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The lady with the cold in her head, mentioned in the last number of ST. NICHOLAS, called to the person who was coming, "Caduceus"—Can you see us?
The Caduceus was the rod of Mercury, the messenger of the gods,

and God of Trade, and also of thieves. It consisted of a short staff, around which two snakes twined, and which bore a pair of wings.—
Yours truly,
CHARLES HART PAYNE.

Annie Manning also answers the question correctly.

WE are sure that all our readers who admire a fine dialogue, or parlor-play, will heartily welcome Mr. Eggleston's "fairy show" in the present number, entitled "The House of Santa Claus." The play has been publicly tried in Brooklyn, and has proven a complete success. With only slight changes, it can be readily adapted to home or parlor representation. In its present form, therefore, it commends itself equally to those who are seeking an effective and lively composition for school or public exhibition, and to those who may desire an aid of this sort in the entertainment of a social or family gathering.

Boys and girls wishing to imitate stone, when making scenery such as is described in the "House of Santa Claus," or when making card-houses, etc., can do so by covering the object which is to represent stone with a coating of glue, or mucilage, and then throwing common sand upon it, before the glue has dried. If the sand is applied liberally, a very close resemblance to stone may thus be produced.

Buckland.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I've meant to write to you for ever so long, and to join with the rest of the girls and boys in telling how I love you,—yes, I believe I almost love you. I think you're just the freshest, cheeriest, jolliest, and altogether loveliest magazine I know of. I've taken you ever since you were born, and we all enjoy you so much, from grandma to my little three-year-old brother, who looks at the pictures, and takes a great deal of delight in having "Sister Lizzie" read the short, big-print stories to him. There was one in a

previous number—I think the May one—which especially pleased him, and which he is never tired of hearing read. I can't remember its name; but it's about some little chickens, whose mother told them to fly, but, as their wings were not grown, could n't; and none of them tried, except one, who did his best, although he did n't succeed, and was afterward rewarded because he really tried. "Brave Tim, our Centennial Cat," also delighted him very much. For my part, I liked "The Queen of the Moles," and Miss Thaxter's bear story as well as any, though I don't know but Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's "Spinning and Weaving," "Midsummer and the Poets," and,—well, I keep thinking of more and more of them,—and all I can say is to repeat what I said before, and that is, that I think the whole number is just as nice as it could possibly be.—Yours always,
L. W. S.

St. Albans.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you a story about my uncle when he was a little boy. He told his mother he was sick, and didn't want to go to school. She said he could take some castor-oil and go to bed. He went to school.
FRANKIE WEBBER.

"THE Boy Emigrants," which has so delighted our readers during the past year, is soon to be published in book form by Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Mr. Brooks knows a boy's heart through and through, and his fine story, with its wealth of strong narrative, exciting scenes and incidents, and true lessons of self-reliance, ought to be read by every boy in the land. No better picture of the gold-seeker's life can be found anywhere in literature than this stirring, straightforward, manly story of "The Boy Emigrants." We know, young friends, that all of you will rejoice at its publication in separate form, and we heartily congratulate Mr. Brooks, and the host of boys who will be eager to own it, on the handsome appearance of the volume. The binding is neat and tasteful, and the pictures are the same that have appeared in ST. NICHOLAS. For you who read the magazine, the book needs no word of praise or introduction, but we feel it both a pleasure and a duty to commend it earnestly to all.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Dame Durden, Little Nell.

D —affodi— L
A —lkal— I
M —in— T
E —lephan— T
D —amse— L
U —sag— E
R —ave— N
D —im— E
E —l— L
N —icke— L

ANAGRAMS.—1. Boston. 2. New York. 3. Rochester. 4. Washington. 5. Charleston. 6. Mobile. 7. St. Paul.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Marry, Mary. 2. Lucky, Lucy. 3. Norma, Nora.

REVERSALS.—1. Brag, garb. 2. Room, moor. 3. Flow, wolf. 4. Mode, Edom. 5. Note, Eton. 6. Strop, ports. 7. Animal, lamina.

ABBREVIATIONS.—1. Bread, red. 2. Cedar, ear. 3. Dirge, ire. 4. Iliad, lad. 5. Jewel, eel. 6. Maple, ale. 7. Niece, ice. 8. Olive, lie. 9. Spire, pic. 10. Wheat, hat.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Baronet, Coronet.

B A A L B E C
B A L L O O N
B A R T R A M
H E D O U I N
C A N O N R Y
L E A F L E T
T A B O R E T

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—London.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Chimney-piece.

SQUARE-WORD.— I R O N
R O M E
O M I T
N E T S

GRAMMATICAL COMPARISONS.—1. Bee, beer, beast. 2. Bow, bore, boast. 5. Fee, fear, feast. 4. Row, roar, roast.

RIDDLE.—Cricket.

APOCOFES.—1. Cockade, cock. 2. Hamper, ham. 3. Rattle, rat. 4. Rushlight, rush. 5. Rueful, rue.

REBUS.—"Great expectations bring great disappointments."

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Table, Easel.

T —un— E
A —mmoni— A
B —ook— S
L —yr— E
E —l— L

EASY ENIGMA.—Man, hat, tan—Manhattan.

CHARADE, No. 2.—Eye-lash.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

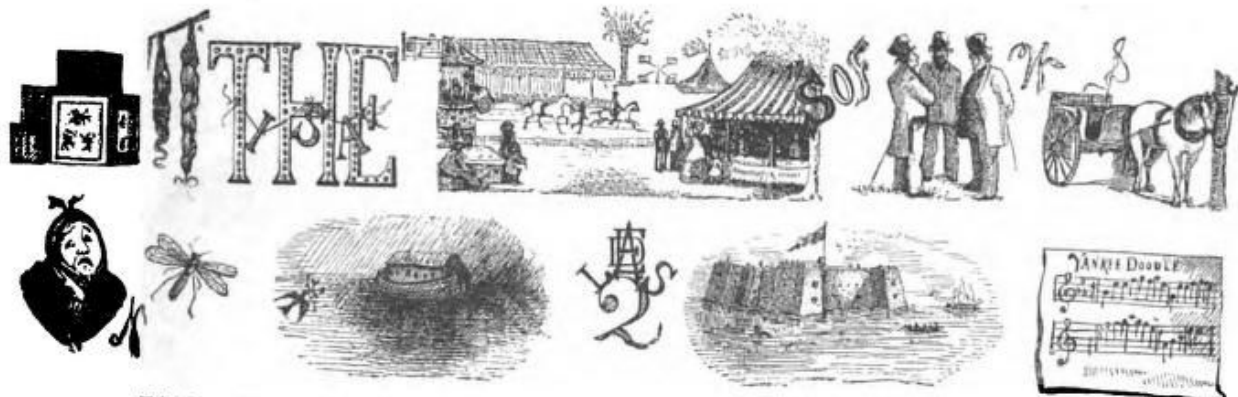
R
N O T
R O M E O
T E N
O

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—The Aurora Borealis.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—Stream: Star, arm, ram, aster, mast, mate, tar, mat, rat, rest, meat, ear.

Clarence M. Trowbridge and Robert L. Groendycke answered correctly *all* the puzzles in the October number. ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER were received, previous to October 18, from Walter Raymond Spalding, Fide Mosman, Brainerd P. Emery, Lou L. Richards, John B. Greiner, Emma Elliott, "Ajax and Alex," Bessie T. B. Benedict, Virginia Davage, A. Carter, Sheldon Emery, Mary P. Johnson, Howard Steel Rodgers, Lena Devereux, Willie Dibblee, C. H. Delanoy, W. C. Delanoy, Allie Bertram, Ella M. Kirkendall, Leila Allen, Millie Thompson, Charles N. Wilkinson, Mary N. Wadsworth, "Juno," Mamie B. Balmann, Howard Steel Rodgers, Osman Abbott, Nessie E. Stevens, Charles F. Cook, C. A. Montague, A. G. Cameron, "Scandale," Susie F. Cobb, Eleanor N. Hughes, Frank P. Nagel, Bessie McLaren, Helen Green.

REBUS.



EASY ENIGMA STORY.

FOURTEEN letters. My whole is a fragrant flower.
I went to pick wild 1, 5, 7, 9, 2, 6, 14, 11, 10, 8, 3, 13, and found it blooming in the field where they grew. The 7, 12, 1, 3, 1 made the 9, 8, 7 very 13, 2, 14, 3, 5; and I did not care if the 6, 11, 8, 9, 7, 1 pricked my fingers. 1, 13, 9, 2 a sheep or 5, 2, 12 come and 6, 11, 12, 2, 1, 14 some of 8, 5, 1 leaves. A boy with a sly look (who 11, 12, 6, 1 birds' nests) came by, trundling a 6, 9, 11, 7, 12, 2. He had also a 6, 12, 2 and 9, 11, 10, 12, 2, and aimed at the 6, 11, 4, 9, 13, 5 of a robin; through the 6, 9, 7, 13. I was 13, 12, 7, 10, 8, 14, 11 than I can tell that he hit 8, 5. Then I took my 10, 12, 13, 4, 1 and 6, 14, 7, 11, 8, 4, 1, and went home.

CHARADE.

My first is never out;
My second's but a letter;
My third will waste your ink,—
Or, if you like it better,
My third will hold your sheep;
My last is impress deep.

My whole is free and bold,
And will not be controlled.

L. W. H.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

NINE letters. Diagonals—From left to right: A sportive insect. From right to left: A genus of plants which one handsome species of this insect lives upon.

1. An ancient kingdom. 2. A very useful household article. 3. A yellow flower. 4. Small fleets. 5. To attract strongly. 6. Making comparisons. 7. Gay. 8. A small flag on a vessel's mast. 9. A useful piece of furniture.

P.

HIDDEN WORD-SQUARE.

1. My sister Rebecca detests both pickles and pears. 2. Then are naughty children not allowed to go? 3. We made bark frames and baskets for the fair. 4. The great door is broken, actually broken in pieces. 5. Those were the first arts that we learned.

Concealed in the above are five words having the following significations: 1. A student at a military school. 2. A place of public contest. 3. To shut out or exclude. 4. To decree or establish as law. 5. Specimens of a kind of pastry.

The five words, when found and properly arranged, will form a square-word.

J. J. T.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(The whole is a word dear to all Americans.)

My first is in flour, but not in wheat;
My second is in dine, but not in eat;
My third is in bench, but not in seat;
My fourth is in fence, and also in gate;
My fifth is in number, but not in date;
My sixth is in stop; but not in go;
My seventh is in yes, but not in no.

L. F.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. SHE — her assertion that among all her pets the one valued most was —. 2. The tired Arab joyfully exclaimed, " —, and I shall be released from my —." 3. The Indian said of himself, " — through tangled bushes, and — the thorniest thickets." 4. Her — found vent — of tears. 5. He could not — propensity for writing —. B.

SQUARE-WORD.

FILL the blanks in their order with words making sense, and which, placed under each other in the same order, will form the square-word.
I saw a violet and gold — growing beside a wild — on a little — in the river, and wondered if birds carried the — there. J.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

TAKE one word from out another without changing the order of the letters, and find a complete word remaining.

1. Take to sin from a small dog and leave a row. 2. Take always from a young hare and leave to allow. 3. Take a shoemaker's instrument from unrestrained by law and leave smaller. 4. Take a tree from showy and leave an insect. 5. Take an era from a show and leave a short breath. 6. Take cunning from a checked cloth and leave to brown. 7. Take the last from a cord and leave a weight. 8. Take part of a bird from vibrating and leave to utter melodious sounds.

C. D.

ANAGRAM PROVERBS.

MAKE a proverb from each sentence. Thus the letters of "Earns sage's rags" may be transposed into "As green as grass."

1. Earns sage's rags. 2. A bub says, "Ease!" 3. Scold a shy cat, Ira. 4. Asa has a dream charm. 5. Again Sam blows a nice ace.

CYRIL DEANE.

RIDDLE.

FIVE of a party of seven are we—
With our respects to you.
Now, a part of each of our names we'll tell,
In a tale both new and true:

Two friends who longed to wed, would fry
Some fish—so down they sat;
By set of sun the fish were done,—
Now what do you make of that?

EASY DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD a small hound and leave a large American bird. 2. Behead a North American beast of prey and leave a part of his head. 3. Behead a sly, thievish animal and leave a common beast of burden. 4. Behead a common, lively, horned quadruped and leave a grain. 5. Behead common farm animals and leave a beverage. 6. Behead a small, spry animal and leave part of an artist's outfit. 7. Behead an early bird and leave a ship mentioned in the Bible. 8. Behead a wild aquatic game bird and leave one who is in love.

S.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A domestic animal. 3. Glossy silk. 4. A metal. 5. A consonant.

C. N. W.

CLASSICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A BEAUTIFUL Roman girl, whose father slew her rather than have her made a slave. 2. The Grecian Goddess of Peace. 3. A dramatic poet of Syracuse, who flourished during the reign of Ptolemy I. 4. A daughter of King Creon of Corinth, whom Jason married after deserting Medea. 5. A name given to Pluto, Persephone, the Erinnyes, and others. 6. A contracted form of the name of the king to whose court Thetis sent Achilles in disguise. The initials form the name of a celebrated Roman poet, and the finals his masterpiece.

SEDGWICK.

A CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.



THE twenty-six numbered designs in the show-window represent as many articles suitable for Christmas gifts, including one or more for each member of the family. Nos. 1 and 2 are for grandfather; 3, 4, 6, 12 for grandmother; 5, 7, 8, 9, 10 for mother; 11, 13, 14 for father; 15, 16, 17, 18, 23 for sister; 19, 20, 21, 22 for brother; 24 for baby; 25, 26 for the one who is most fond of music. What are the gifts?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name two bays in the western part of Europe.
1. A title of nobility. 2. One of the United States. 3. Part of a saddle. 4. A monk's hood. 5. A fruit. 6. An affirmative.

F. L. O.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

I AM a word of five letters, the sum of which is 157.
My 1, \div (my 2, + my 4), = my 5; my 5, + my 3, = $\frac{1}{10}$ of my 1; my 3, - my 2, \times my 5, = my 1, \times (my 2 + my 4).

BEDGWICK.